THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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LOVE'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

I would wander once again, love,
Underneath these dear old trees,
As in days that knew no pain, love—
Days that dropped across the seas;
Where my happiest hours were passed, love,
Wandering with you, all alone;
Once more, *once* more—'tis the last, love,
As in golden eves, by-gone.

Ah, those dear, departed days, love,
All their greenness sorrow scars!
All their freshness and rich rays, love,
Have been faded out with tears!
All that's left is memory's pressings,
Agonizing heart and brain—
Whisperings of buried blessings
That can never live again!

We shall meet on earth no more, love,
For 'twould rend my soul to see,
When all gleams of hope are o'er, love—
You another's—lost to me!
Ah! you know, you *know* I love you,
More than mortal lips can tell;
But beneath the blue above you,
You can *never* know how well!

More than *love!*—life's vines enfold you—
More than *life!*—'tis life I give;
And I could not here behold you
All another's now, and live!
I can cease to love you, never—
Never, for it is my fate;
And I cease to strive to sever
Life from life—it is too late!

All my *soul* is wedded to you,
In a hopeless, deep unrest;
I may learn content to know you,
Love, to know that you are blessed.
It is just that I should suffer,
Where idolatry hath trod—
I have worshipped the fair creature,
More than the Creator—God!

We must part now; oh, there is, love,
Anguish in that farewell breath!
But I *cannot* see you his, love,
It would be a living death!
We must part now; but above you,
Some sweet morn we'll meet again,
Where, as now, I then can love you,
There, eternal, without pain!

CAPTAIN RALPH MONMOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

With steps that seemed to grow slower as he advanced, as if each one brought him nearer to a moment that he dreaded, my father preceded my mother and myself to the retired room that had been my dear uncle's study. When we reached there, he paused till we had both entered, and then quietly locked the door. Not content with this precaution, he afterwards peered cautiously into the closets as if in fear of some unwelcome eaves-dropper, and even looked out of the windows to see that no person lingered on the piazza below. Wrought up as I was to an excess of nervous anticipation, these strange precautions increased my excitement so much that I cried out desperately:

"For God's sake, sir, do not delay any longer, but tell me at once what is this dark secret that has so long crushed me with its gloomy shadow?"

"I will, I will!" said my father in a nervous, deprecating way. "But, pray, pray calm yourself."

"Calm myself!" I repeated fiercely, and I pressed my hand to my swimming head, through which the hot blood seemed leaping in wild, blinding waves.

My father took one or two turns across the room as if to regain his composure, and then began:

"You know how earnestly your mother and myself wished for a son before you were born."

"Yes, sir," I gasped. "Go on."

"Yet you can never guess how bitter was our disappointment, as well as your uncle's, when so many times our hopes were blasted by the birth of girls. If you could realize how much we suffered then you would not blame us for practicing some deception to secure what we had all so earnestly longed for."

I looked at my father's contracted features, then I turned to my mother, she sat with her face buried in her hands. A terrible suspicion darted like a tongue of flame into my heart.

"Good God, sir!" I cried, "am I not then your son?"

"Yes, Ralph," answered my father hoarsely. There was an instant of dead silence, then he added slowly: "That is, you are our *child*, but you are a—*woman!*"

The flames leapt up from my heart and seared my brain. I gave one wild, incredulous cry, a terrible convulsion ran through my frame, and I sank fainting on the floor.

After a while I slowly and painfully recovered consciousness. Coming back to life as if it had been death—it was indeed a new and hopeless existence. When at length I collected my scattered senses I was alone with my mother. One glance at her stricken face recalled the terrible disclosure, and tearing myself from her arms, I burst forth into frantic exclamations and questions. She endeavored in vain to calm my excitement. At first I refused to believe the monstrous reality. When at length she had convinced me of it, beyond all possibility of doubt, I raved and stormed with incoherent, unavailing despair. I loathed and detested myself for the outrageous falsehood I had so long unwittingly acted. I felt an absolute hatred of the parents who had done me this foul wrong. Finally this thought became the predominant one. I upbraided my mother, until I remembered that she had been but a tool in my father's hands, and then I insisted on her sending for him. At first my mother opposed this, but at last fairly frightened by my violence, she summoned him. He came in with reluctant steps, like a culprit, staring at my wild appearance as at an avenger, as with burning cheeks and flashing eyes I confronted him, a man in feeling, yet a woman at heart.

"What right had you," I cried fiercely, "to blast my life by making me the unnatural monster that I am?"

"Don't be angry with us," said my father soothingly, "I did it for the best."

"For the best!" I shouted; "by what vile sophistry could you think it for the best?"

"You would never have had your uncle's money otherwise."

"His money! and do you think that consoles me for my lost honor? How would he have despised me and the miserable lie by which I acquired it! How the whole county will scorn you when they know what you have done!"

"Good heavens! Ralph, you don't mean to betray yourself!" exclaimed my father, aghast.

"Certainly I do! Do you think I care for exposure now? or that I will keep this ill-gotten fortune?"

My father looked seriously alarmed, and turned to my mother appealingly:

"What shall we do, Mary? This shock has completely upset her. Can you not make her keep quiet?"

It was the first time I had ever heard the feminine pronoun applied to me, it made my blood boil and burn with the sense of my own abasement.

"Oh, my God!" I groaned, sinking down. "Am I indeed so wretched! without one hope of the happiness of either sex, cut off from the pleasures of a woman by education, and from those of a man by nature!"

My mother saw that I was gradually softening, and she came to me and laid her hand upon my arm.

"My dear child, perhaps we have wronged you, though we always believed we were securing your prosperity. Forgive us if you think we have injured you."

I shook off her hand, though I answered more calmly:

"You at least have always been kind."

"Henceforth of course we have no control over you," continued my mother, soothingly. "But let me beg you not to do anything rash. By announcing your sex you will only expose yourself and all your family to infinite ridicule and contempt, whereas if you keep your secret no one will ever suspect us, and you may be beloved and honored all your days."

"I will think of what you say," I replied faintly, for I was exhausted with the violence of my emotion. "Now I would like to be alone."

I left them and went with tottering steps to my room. There I flung myself on the bed and gave myself up to the overwhelming consciousness of my situation. Looking back over the past I remembered all the strangeness of my life, my isolated childhood, and my guarded youth; and I saw that the chain of evidence was complete. I was a *woman!* That which I had rejected as an insult was the bitter truth! I, who had gloried in my strength and my manhood, was in reality a feeble girl! Again and again this torturing thought came over me, crushing all the courage and hope out of my blasted life.

Before long I was roused by a knock at the door.

"May I come in, Ralph?"

It was my cousin's voice, and a blush, a feminine blush rose to my forehead as I refused him admittance.

He went away, but those tones had awakened a new and torturing reflection. I knew now why and how I loved him, and I hid my burning cheeks in my pillow as I thought that to him I had given my woman's heart, and given it in vain! Then I sprang up and paced across the room with feverish strides, feeling with unavailing despair that had it not been for my parents' falsehood it might have been otherwise. If I had been reared like my sisters, I, and not Jessie, might have won my cousin's love. Now there could be no hope of affection for me, the craving that was so strong within me for tenderness and kindness must remain for ever unsatisfied. Henceforth the world was a blank of desolate existence, and I groaned aloud in my agony.

Thus all wild regrets surged through my brain, until, woman as I was, even while full of the fiercest indignation at my own weakness, my overwrought feelings found relief in tears.

But after all there was no doubt I was of a decidedly masculine appearance. I was unusually tall for my sex. Accident had favored my parents in this as in some other points of my physical formation. I was over five feet six, very broad-shouldered, deep-chested and slender-limbed. Then I glanced at my hands, brown and hard, and my brawny, muscular arms, and thought how utterly absurd I should be in the cumbersome female dress. Finally I drew a cigar out of the pocket of my coat, with a bitter smile at my once utter unwomanliness, and sat down to smoke in hopes of soothing my excited nerves.

In truth I was very strong, and this great shock did not even make me ill. I refused all food that evening, and passed a long, sleepless night in bewailing my lost manhood. But before the next morning I had decided upon what course to pursue. Since I was so unfitted for a feminine existence, so ignorant of all its discourses and accomplishments, so accustomed to my own hard life, I perceived it would be useless to proclaim my wrongs and disgrace my family and myself. Having reached this conclusion, in the morning I sent for my father, remaining always shut up in my room, for I felt that I could not face the family with this bitter knowledge fresh upon me. I requested him to leave my house at once, taking every one with him, even George. Deborah, who had known my secret from my birth, I retained; but Mr. Burt I would never see again. I felt an absolute loathing for him as I recalled the specious lies with which he had baffled all my questions that pointed towards the forbidden subject, and my woman's heart revolted in indignation as I thought of how constantly this man had been my companion. I requested that George and Jessie alone might be informed of my real sex; but one point I peremptorily insisted upon, that if I were to keep the dress and habits of a man, I should in all respects be treated as a man; and that never again should any one allude in my presence, to my being a woman.

All my directions were exactly fulfilled. I did not see any of them again. And before nightfall I was alone in my own house.

Here I have been in a blank solitude for three days, and as yet I am in nowise reconciled to the painful absurdity of my anomalous position. I have written out my strange history, but the record brings to me only a deeper sense of the utter darkness of my future. Not for me can ever come the affection that should brighten a woman's home, or the honor that should shed lustre on a man's proud name. Before me I see only the long despair of a most natural love, and the lingering gloom of a life without hope.

PART IV.

The captain paused a moment when he reached the close of this portion of his friend's story. His audience who had listened intently during all his reading of the singular tale, looked up with a sigh of excitement.

"Is that all?" asked Miss May, eagerly—for somehow all interest had deepened to an absorbing intensity, since she learned that the beloved friend of this handsome young captain was a woman.

"No," said Kirby. "There are still a few pages added a long time after, which carry up poor Monmouth's history almost to the time when we met on the shores of the Rappahannock."

And once more he resumed his reading.

"It is dated May 1861:"

Five years have elapsed since the cold spring evening when I closed the brief record of my early youth. I am on the eve of a new and a different existence. At last I see before me a field of usefulness, and perhaps an honorable death. My country calls all its citizens to arms. And I who am strong and hardy as a man, at least can draw a man's sword and show myself not wholly unworthy the proud title I have so long usurped.

But before I leave once more, and perchance for the last time, the home of my forefathers, I will close the story of my life, that those who hereafter may know how I bore, undeservedly, my rank and even my name, may know that I had no choice but to continue the deception begun by others.

For several months after my discovery of my real sex, I remained at the homestead in complete seclusion. My mourning served to protect me from society; and I was able to spend the long, lonely days as I pleased. In that time I gradually regained my fortitude, and learned to face my position with courage. I became accustomed to contemplating all the anomalies of my situation, and could even look forward to my future of loneliness with firmness. The more I reflected on my education and temperament, the more I became convinced that I had far better continue my present life, and avoid the humiliation of sinking to a sex in which I could not be happy. I could not sew; I could not knit. The quiet of home life was very irksome to me, and I was tolerably happy only when dashing away through the woods astride of a good horse, or taking long walks at the quick, swinging stride habitual to me. What should I be in petticoats? a great awkward, ungainly thing, utterly out of place, a wretched laughing-stock to more fortunate women, a subject of contempt to what I had almost called my own sex. As a man I might lead a life of retirement, yet be respected; and since I hurt no one but myself by my disguise, I saw no reason for giving it up. As a woman, life henceforth a blank. I had loved once and in vain. But as a man, I might still be a comfortable, and even an honored citizen. On one point, however, I was from the first resolved, that I would not keep more of the wealth I had won by this vile deception, than I believed my Uncle Ralph would have wished me to have, had he known how grievously he had been imposed upon. I knew that he loved me, and I believed he would still have retained some tenderness for the child he had cherished, even had he been undeceived. Nor could I doubt that he would have made for me a provision at least as ample as my sisters.

The only person who broke into my solitude was my father. He came once in answer to a summons I sent him, and with him I arranged the disposition of my property. I found that he had expected, with my mother, to make my house his future home; this I could not permit. The thought was intolerable—of having the tyrant of my childhood constantly watching me. But I more than satisfied him, by settling upon him at once something over a hundred thousand dollars. For myself I reserved for the present the homestead, and a similar sum. All the rest I determined to give to the rightful heir, my cousin George York.

After that I went home for a brief visit, and after a day or two found myself at ease, even there. I was indeed secretly amused at the difference even the servants showed to 'Master Ralph,' and the innumerable civilities the neighbors fastened upon the supposed wealthy young man—especially those who had marriageable daughters. However, I did not remain long, but returned shortly to my solitary home. And here too I was before long found out by the old family friends who vied with each other in their civilities to "Ralph Monmouth, Esq., of the homestead." Averse to society as I was, I found it impossible wholly to avoid this well meant kindness; and after a while I even found pleasure in the society of ladies and gentlemen of thorough refinement. The men, it is true, sometimes complained of the excessive reserve I always maintained, and my steady avoidance of all scenes not sanctioned by the presence of women of rank; but my own sex seemed instinctively to feel at ease with me, and many a gentle girl has turned to me in some sudden dilemma, with a confidential appeal that made my heart beat with a responsive affection, though I durst not outwardly express the innocent feeling, lest it should lead to some awkward misunderstanding.

As it had been intended, my sister's wedding took place in the fall, and so well had I by that time learned my lesson of self control, that when Jessie was given to the man I once so loved, I stood by his side as first groomsman, and went through my duties with calm propriety. My bridal gift to my cousin consisted of nearly the whole of my usurped inheritance. I would not listen to the remonstrances with which he opposed me, only stipulating that the second son should bear my name, promising that he, at my death, should inherit the homestead and the small property I still retained.

When this last duty was over I went away. Now that my eyes were opened, I resolved to see the great world that had been so long an unknown region to me. I travelled for awhile over my own country, meeting everywhere with attention and courtesy, and then I went abroad. Far and wide I wandered over distant lands and among strange nations. I journeyed through historic England, I saw the gay beauty of Paris, I sailed over the blue Mediterranean, I paused awestruck in majestic Rome; I even traversed the snows of Russia to ice-bound St. Petersburg, and floated up the dreamy Nile, past the Pyramids and the solemn ruins of mysterious Egypt. But always, though I met many friends, and received much kindness, I felt like an outcast in the midst of mankind, and the old ache lay heavy at my heart when once more I returned to my home among the hills of Pennsylvania.

My wild passion for George had died out long ago, but when I met him as a happy husband and father, could I help one deep thrill of passionate regret that for me no home would ever smile, round my neck no baby arms would ever cling? My sister Jessie was bright and joyous as a bird. God knows I would not have marred her happiness, but could I repress one fierce pang of envy at the pleasure and the affection that never could be mine?

Already two handsome sons blessed that little household, another Ralph Monmouth, and this time, if stalwart limbs and bright eyes spoke any promise for the future, a worthy representative of the old name, made glad his parents' hearts with his baby smiles; while his elder brother, fair haired and blue eyed like his father, was the pride and glory of the Yorks. From this moment the sadness that years and travel had not obliterated settled over me as a brooding shadow, never to be shaken off. I full well know that only my death remains to make all those that I care for happy, and I cannot repress the wild prayer that God will give me a blessed release from my cruel position here, on some of those battle-fields to which I shall soon be hastening.

I have now been at home six months, and the mutterings of civil war growing strong around us been deepened to the angry cry that swept over the length and breadth of our outraged country at sound of the cannon of Fort Sumter. To arms! To arms! That stirring appeal found in my lonely breast a glad response. I have felt since I heard that summons that I had got a place in life, and a chance for a brave *man's* death. Night and day for several weeks past I have toiled in the noble work. I have studied and practiced the manual with a private instructor, till I believe myself quite competent to take charge of a company. Volunteers have flocked to the standard I have raised, till already a regiment is quartered on my grounds. They offered me the colonelcy, but I have declined it. I am not fitted for so high a command, nor ought I, as a woman, to take it. I have accepted a captainey, and now life springs up in my heart as I face my brave soldiers, and feel that I am worthy to draw a sword in my country's cause. To-morrow we take the field. We go to the defence of our beleaguered capital. In the coming campaigns I look not for distinction, but I trust to be able to do a man's duty; and I hope to find on some victorious battle-field an honorable death.

"This closes my friend's autobiography," said the captain, as he rolled up the papers with a sigh.

"And where is she now?" asked Miss Mary. "You promised to complete the history yourself."

"I will," replied the captain, "though I have but little to add to what I told you at the beginning of the story. But one thing you must allow me—I must still speak of Ralph Monmouth as of a man. I cannot even now regard him as a woman, and it will be more natural and more easy for me to give him the masculine pronoun, and to talk of him as a gallant soldier, which he certainly was, rather than as a girl of about my own age—which seems to me utterly absurd," continued the captain, "though perchance I might have realized it under happier circumstances."

"As Monmouth has said, Nature had favored him with a physical formation very unusual in one of his sex, and although there was a certain softness in his beardless face, yet his stalwart proportions, his well knit frame, his weather-bronzed skin, and his deep toned voice, all would have prevented any possibility of a suspicion of the truth. Then, too, his mind—partly from the unusually strong intellect he had naturally, partly from the severe habits of study which had improved and cultivated it to its highest capacity—had nothing of feminine weakness in its workings, none of that light frivolity so captivating, sometimes, in the softer sex. Except for the excessive reserve of his habits, his manners were those of any other well-bred *man*—easy, direct, self-reliant. With his soldiers, as I have said, he was gentle and considerate, but entirely competent in command and rigid in discipline.

"By the light of our bivouac fire I read that night his strange history, and as I discovered what was his extraordinary secret, my heart bled over this unhappy being, whom the perfidy of his parents had cut off, as he said, from all the hopes of happiness of either sex. I could see, as I recalled our past intercourse, how much there was of true womanly kindness in that noble heart, and I realized how intense might be the craving for affection of a nature evidently warm and devoted, though always thus far repressed under the ice of a hopeless isolation. When at last I rolled myself in my blanket, just as the beautiful moon was beginning to sink to rest. I could not for some time sleep for thinking of my friend.

"I do not mind confessing now," said the captain, with a slight tremor in his voice, "that, recalling the warm affection I already felt for him, I dreamed that perhaps nowhere could I find a nobler life's companion than in this brave girl-soldier. I had been from the first irresistibly drawn towards him; I had seen in his dark eyes a look of answering friendship; I remembered the purity of his life, and the heroism he had shown not only in the brief struggle of the battle-field, but also in the long endurance of his strange position. I thought that never again could I find one who so united all the virtues that adorn a woman with all the high qualities of which a man may be proud, and I can hardly describe to you all the wild visions of a happy future that danced through my excited brain before I fell asleep.

"For the next two days my battery was still stationed in idleness in its old position, when we heard of Reynold's disastrous attack on the rebels, his partial defeat, and the death of the brave general himself. Monmouth's regiment, however, was not engaged in that skirmish, and our anxiety was removed. Then came the awful battles of Thursday and Friday, July 2d and 3d, ending in the great victory of Gettysburg.

"I was stationed from an early hour on Thursday in the cemetery overlooking the town. My battery was ordered up there soon after sunrise, but as the slow hours crept on it seemed as if the conflict would never open. We had time enough as we waited there to learn the positions of the various divisions of the army, and knowing as I did which one contained Monmouth's regiment, I could tell in which of the solid masses of men—half hidden by the sheltering trees, half visible by the gleam of their bayonets—that one *woman* was standing on duty, under the burning sun, and after a sleepless night of marching.

"It was a lovely day, only the fair, fleecy

clouds of summer drifted like white angels across the deep blue sky that arched above that scene of carnage, smiling and serene, as if to promise to the fainting or dying soldier the bright heaven that should reward him for all toils and sufferings. Before us the town of Gettysburg lay silent and deserted as if sleeping under the hot noonday sun; below us wide fields of golden-green grain swayed gently in the light passing breeze, and on either side stretched the low hills and the waving woods that sheltered a hundred thousand soldiers. Just around where we were stationed was the city of the dead, its peaceful graves and white monuments rising up calmly, as if to mark the difference between the quiet death of a citizen in his own home, and the blood-stained end of the warrior on the battle-field.

"Hour after hour we waited there, until the long suspense grew intolerable. My heart was full of but one thought, that amid all these grim men, facing death unflinchingly, there was one woman, not shielded as those of her gentle sex should be, but standing unknown and unprotected with the rest—not less brave at heart than the stoutest veteran there, and alas! not less likely to expose her life than the most reckless by that ever courted destruction for a wild dream of fame. Again and again this idea came over me, till I could scarcely restrain myself from leaving duty and honor and rushing to the side of that girl, proclaiming her sex and tearing her away from her astonished soldiers.

"At last, when I was well nigh crazed with torturing thought, a few dropping shots were heard along the distant lines, a dark mass waving the accursed rebel flag crept out near Gettysburg, and the order was given for my battery to open fire. In a moment the old battle fever was upon me, and while shot and shell from an unseen foe swept over the hill around me, I poured in rapid succession my deadly volleys on the advancing lines of the enemy. Directly all the scene that had been so fine a short time before was enveloped in a dense canopy of black smoke, lit up by the red flash of the artillery. Only at times could I see through the driving clouds a portion of the fiercely contested battle-field. Yet amid all the excitement of the scene, while some of my brave fellows fell beside me, and the graves of the dead were covered with the mutilated forms of the dying, amid the wild din of a hundred cannon, and the fierce contest with a desperate foe, I thought of Ralph Monmouth, and saw with a miserable contraction of the heart that his regiment had gone into action.

"The struggle went on fiercely while all the beautiful summer afternoon faded away; but gradually the conflict had receded from us and was raging with terrific fury in the valley below. Just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, my battery was ordered to go to the support of some infantry regiments engaged against overwhelming numbers. In a moment we were dashing down the slope of the hill and into the howling battle. We swept on to the position assigned us, and there I saw with a thrill of delight that it was a portion of Monmouth's division we were to assist. For a few seconds all before me was an incomprehensible chaos of maddened, shouting men, half seen through the war clouds rolling around them. Then my eyes becoming accustomed to the new scene, I got the range of my guns, and again directed the murderous volleys into the rebel ranks.

"They were scattered and arrested, and after a brief struggle began to fall back. It was just then that a regiment swept past me with fixed bayonets in a deadly charge. One glance at the Colonel, who rode at the head, and I knew that it was my friend; and in another instant I saw Ralph Monmouth before me. Sword in hand he was cheering on his men, his musical voice ringing out with a clear melody that was in strange contrast with the hoarse cries around him, his face lit up with a look of happiness that made it gloriously beautiful, and in his eyes a light I had never seen there before, the glad light of battle!

"On they swept, that long line of brave hearts, but ever in the front rank was the slight figure of the virgin soldier. As they came down on the enemy, for one brief instant the fierce rebels tried to withstand that impetuous charge; then they broke and fell back, while a wild cheer of victory rose from the lips of the conquering heroes. But in that awful moment how many just now so full of life had gone down forever! I saw Ralph Monmouth wave his sword above his head as he joined in that shout of triumph, then I saw him fling up his hands with a sudden gesture of anguish. I saw him stagger back into the arms of one of his men, and I knew, with a sharp pang of agony, that the death he had so long prayed for had come at last.

"Darkness began to creep fast over the awful scene, and very soon my battery received orders to cease its fire, and I was at liberty to look for my friend. They had carried the dying hero a little back, and laid him, at his own request, under the stars, on a field of trampled grain. There I found him, surrounded by a group of grief-stricken soldiers. As I sprang to his side, his eyes opened, and a sweet smile crossed his pallid lips.

"'Kirby,' he whispered, 'I am so glad to see you once more, though it can be but for a few moments.'

"'But can nothing be done?' I asked as I knelt beside him. 'Have you had no surgical advice?'

"'No, captain," interrupted one of the men who lingered around him. 'He won't have any help. Do please you try to get him to have a doctor. We can't spare him—indeed we can't,' he added huskily.

"'My men are very kind,' said Monmouth; 'but it is useless. I am beyond all earthly aid. The surgeons had better bestow their care where it can be of some avail. It is better thus. This, you know, Kirby, is what I have long prayed for. I am happier now than I have been in many a long year, for I know that my sorrows are nearly over.'

"'Oh! Ralph, Ralph!' I groaned as I took his hand, (*his* hand!) and pressed it, all blackened as it was, to my lips. 'Why will you not live for my sake?'

"'What!' he gasped, turning upon me his eyes, which lit up with a sudden look of affection. 'You are still my friend, although you know what I am.'

"'Your friend!' I cried. 'Oh! Ralph, Ralph! I never knew how I loved you till since I heard your story.'

"Just at this moment a soldier made his way through the crowd that surrounded their beloved officer.

"'Captain!' he exclaimed breathlessly, 'we are victorious! They say the rebels have fallen back on all sides.'

"'That is glorious!' said Monmouth with a last effort of strength. 'Put the flag over my head, boys, that I may die under its triumphant folds.'

"There was a stir among the men, and Monmouth clasped my hand tightly.

"'You will think kindly of me, Kirby. You have been the best friend I ever knew. God bless you and good-bye.'

"Just then the broad folds of their tattered banner were unrolled over the dying soldier, and in the faint starlight it hung, a glorious canopy over his young head. He raised one hand feebly, and touched the silken drapery.

"'Thank God for the victory!'

"He uttered the words distinctly, so that we all heard him, and then his eyes closed, and with a smile of calm happiness on his lips, the brave spirit of the virgin warrior was at rest."

Captain Kirby paused as if to regain control over his own emotions, but this time no one spoke, though more than one faint sob attested the absorbing interest of at least his quieter listeners. After a moment he resumed his narration.

"My story is done. I have nothing to add, except that I would permit no stranger hands to touch the body of my friend; but myself, with the aid of his orderly, laid it in the rude coffin, that is all the soldier can obtain on the battle-field. There it rested, in its blood-stained uniform, the female form that had shrined that manly spirit. It was sent away to his sister's home, and a few days later, from the old Monmouth homestead, went out the funeral of the girl-hero. All the country lamented the early death of the noble soldier, and that woman who, but for her perverse fate, might have lived the honored centre of some quiet home circle, was wrapped in the flag she had died to defend, and buried with all the pomp of a military funeral.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 18, 1865.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "My Soul's Advice;" "Paul Ferriam;" "Wilton Manor;" "The Stepmother;" "Ripened Sheaves;" "Gloria! Gloria!;" "Marie;" "Mildred Halworth;" "Elizabeth;" "Wellenspellen;" "Ocean Murmurs;" "A Cry of the Forsaken."

A NEW STORY

BY

EMERSON BENNETT

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

CONVERSATION.

Brilliant and effective conversation is the result of a gift highly cultivated by various knowledge, strengthened by deep and earnest experience, sharpened by contact with society. What a pleasure to listen to such music! What can more effectually move and influence the soul? By this we do not mean highly elaborated talk, but appropriate, scintillating, elevating, original, and in the best sense beautiful words, like a fountain with newly recurring forms of manifestations, and ceasing when the observers tire. The conversation which fell from the lips of Fox, Burke, Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, and other famous talkers of England was of such interest as to hold their listeners for hours. Like other gifts, it should be cultivated. Jenny Lind, endowed with the gift of music, but of what practical use unless cultivated? More attention should be paid to this branch in our schools and colleges. As it is there are comparatively few professors that give it any especial attention and not unfrequently the best students are the most awkward in conversation.

This is not as it should be. Not long since we knew a lady, who from her position had the means of doing great good. This little woman could not say three consecutive words to influence, or make better the least person within her reach, and still we were told that she was a splendid scholar. It was an assertion that we tried to believe, but alas, she was sadly deficient in the use of words if indeed she really had ideas.

Conversation is the exponent of the mind. Some spin their thoughts like tops; others move down the current of conversation like full-laden ships; others shower brilliants like meteors with an occasional lightning flash; and still others that go on like a mule in a tread-mill, never stopping.

A man usually talks best upon that subject which he best understands, and in which he has centered strongest interest, provided he has not become a victim of morbid excitement upon that subject. That conversation is most effective upon the minds of others which most perfectly interprets the thoughts of the soul or whatever subject is considered. The straightforward, honest relation of the humblest creature of the earth may have power to touch and influence the heart of the highest and most cultivated.

Men great in action are often silent in company. Their power impels them in other direction than the tongue. This is also equally true of those eminent in any one department or science. Their brains are too thoroughly adapted to silent study for the full development of language. Authors are not unfrequently silent people save on rare and peculiarly favorable occasions. Milton could not converse; Butler was "biting and sullen;" Dante was silent or ironical; Swift nervous. Chaucer's silence was said to be more agreeable than his conversation. Junius was so very diffident he could never get beyond a few preliminary words. Descartes, Corneille, and Southey stiff and taciturn save with intimate friends.

We would not be the crow fishing for the evil. It is pleasant to think of Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, and others who were brilliant and highly effective. Neither does our own country lack for good conversationalists—charming men and women, some whose names are known to fame, others not caring for renown outside of the paradise they call home. There are various styles of conversation peculiar to different people. Some people link their words to those of others by such general expressions as "indeed," "oh, yes," "is it possible," with a kind of bland suavity peculiar to certain organizations. Others are direct, abruptly making interrogations and observations. Then there is a scintillating, epigrammatic style which flies about the listener like a rocket. Converse with the man of law, and his opinions are uttered oracularly. His words are chosen with adaptation to sense rather than sound. He quotes only the ablest and soundest authorities. His purpose is to instruct and convict rather than to amuse.

Talk with the merchant, and he will tell you how he began life with only a sixpence, how he got along, what he is now worth, with such a satisfied, contented air that you smile good-humoredly, wondering if the possession of money would make you so happy.

Converse with one of the finest women in the country, the wife of an eminent man, and the mother of a handsome son, and accomplished, well dressed daughters, and she reminds you momentarily of what "the Judge says," "My son is at present in Europe," and "My daughters are so much in society;" while another tells you, with such a conscious air, that "My friend so and so is the author of that celebrated work which is just now throwing a wonderful light on the public mind." Still another will tell you of "My baby," just as though there never was one before, and not likely to be another. All conversation is more or less contagious; consequently persons soon come to talk like those to whom they listen attentively.

Ah! how fearfully true is it of all persons that the influence of their speech, for good or evil, is past all computation. Let us seek, then, to order our conversation aright, studying to improve this talent, as every other, to the good of our fellow men.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"BOYS AT CHEQUASSET." By MRS. WHITNEY, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."

Among the many volumes that have been laid upon our table, few have the utter purity and absorbing interest of this little work. It is written for children, but the lessons it inculcates might be taken to older hearts. It is a simple story of boy life in the country, with all the little incidents of pleasure and disappointment belonging to youth. A most delicious peep is permitted us into the fascinations of Ornithology—just enough to whet the taste for more and stimulate the ambition to an acquirement of more satisfying knowledge. Boys especially will read little Johnnie Orburn's history with unusual delight—the development of his mechanical abilities, and his various bird's nesting expeditions with his friends in search of specimens. Good books for the young are the best things that can be given them, and we hope this may be read by all the children in the country, for it is well worthy of a place in every family library.

"THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN GREEN." This is a most charming fairy story by UNA SAVIN. It is written with great freshness and purity, and will absorb the interest of every little reader who may be so fortunate as to peruse its pages. Harry Ward's history and adventures are quite wonderful; and little Elsie is quite a charming girl with whom he falls in love, and to whom he is eventually married. We are glad to see that it has already reached its second edition.

"GEORGEY SANDON. A LOST LOVE." By ASHFORD OWEN. Published by A. K. Loring, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

"SIR JASPER'S TENANT." By Miss M. A. BRADDON. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

"ALDRICH'S POEMS." Published by Ticknor & Co. For sale by Ashmead & Evans.

NEW MUSIC.

"DO WE LOVE AS WE LOVED LONG AGO?" Words by Miss AMANDA F. JONES. Music by HARRY BUCKLEIN. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

"PRISONER'S RETURN." Answer to "Tramp! Tramp!" By FRANK M. DAVIS. Published by W. W. Whitney.

☞ A letter from Biarritz, speaking of the regret universally felt there at the death of M. de Girardin's little daughter, says:—"The Prince Imperial, having learned that it was essential for the little girl to eat, but that she refused to swallow anything whatever, wrote to her on the evening before her death the most persuasive and touching letter. Although diptheria is a contagious malady, justly dreaded by all mothers, the Empress braving the danger and listening only to the dictates of her heart, came herself to the side of the invalid to try and induce her to drink. The child did so—but in an hour after she expired in the arms of her afflicted parents. On the evening of this sad loss the Emperor wrote himself to M. de Girardin. The letter is that of one father to another."

☞ HIGH PRICES.—We presume the veriest grumbler at high prices, who claims Philadelphia as his residence, will concede that he never, in his extravagance of expression, has equalled a member of the Tennessee Legislature, who, when offering a bill the other day to pay his colleagues and himself in gold, stated that "everything is now bringing double or treble, or fourble, which it brought a few years ago."

☞ According to an official return in Tennessee there are eighty-three thousand adults in that state who can neither read nor write, and three hundred thousand children for whose education there are no adequate facilities. The present white population of Tennessee is about 830,000; so that one person in ten is absolutely illiterate.

Our Heroic Dead.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY A LADY OF ALABAMA.

Upon every hillside, and in every valley of this fair southern land they lie—"the loved and lost"—and "after life's fitful fever *they* sleep well." Had the issue of the late conflict been different, the laurel would have been twined with the cypress above their last resting places; as it is they fill but traitors' graves, and their names are scarcely remembered beyond their own hearthstones.

The chivalry of the South rushed impetuously to the front upon the first call to arms, to do battle for what they considered their rights, and many, so many, "fell with their backs to the field, and their feet to the foe." Disease, too, claimed its quota, and there is scarcely a household in this desolated land but has its "vacant chair"—sometimes more than one.

We once proudly thought that on the pages of The Second American Revolution, those loved ones would figure as martyrs to the cause of Freedom; but alas! when the story of "The Great Southern Rebellion" comes to be told, their names struck from the roll of honor, and branded with treason, will be handed down to posterity. But not among us—the people for whom they "fought, bled and died"—their memories will be forever encircled by the bright halo which their bravery and self-sacrifice has cast around them. It is *sad*, it is heartrending to think that elsewhere they will be regarded differently; but a wise Providence doeth *all* things well, however inscrutable His ways may seem to us poor, short-sighted mortals.

It has been said that the blood spilt in the last four years shall ever roll an impassable stream between the two sections. It should not be so. Has not the North the remembrance of dear ones slain by southern foemen?—and yet her sons, who are now amongst us, give us every evidence of good will and kindly feeling. Shall we be less generous than they? Let us go back then cheerfully and willingly to the friendly arms open to receive us. Let us again cherish our former pride in the Stars and Stripes, emblem of the greatest nation the world ever saw. We should not by bickerings and dissensions among ourselves, give the haughty European powers occasion to exult in the "Divine right of kings." They watched with delight the probable dismemberment of our great Republic, and regard with jealous eyes our onward progress.

Some would deem themselves false to the memory of their dead, where they to endeavor to cultivate feelings otherwise than hostile to their recent enemies—but remember that those sainted ones, standing now around the great white throne, see not with the eye of flesh "through a glass darkly," but to their vision is unrolled the future, when (should we so will it) side by side, heart responding to heart, with our late foes, we shall march on in unbroken ranks to that glorious destiny which awaits us.

Southern women and sisters! to you do I appeal. Do away with those baleful feelings of wrath and bitterness which are shrouding the hearts of many of you in darkness and gloom. Be faithful to the teachings of our Christ, and forgive even as you would be forgiven. Then will our dead heroes look down with smiling eyes upon us, while the angels will throw wide the pearly gates of Paradise, that the incense arising from purified and regenerated hearts, may enter as a fragrant offering to our God.

And when the last vestige of this cruel war shall be effaced from our homes, and the South shall again "blossom as the rose," the memory of "Our Heroic Dead" shall live fresh and green within our hearts, stimulating us to deeds of goodness, and preparing us to meet them in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THERE is so much fear of the Cholera among us next summer, we give what appears to be wise directions with regard to its treatment.—ED.

A FRENCH physician, Dr. A. de Grand Boulogne, who has witnessed, it is said, fourteen cholera epidemics, has published in a letter advice to the general public. He says:

"Cholera is the result, in nineteen out of twenty cases, of a choleraic diarrhœa, which may always be easily cured by timely treatment. What is important to know is whether the diarrhœa be choleraic or not. The general rule in time of epidemics should be to pay the strictest attention to the state of the patient's bowels. If the evacuations be formed of aqueous matter similar in appearance to very clear *café au lait*, to rice-water, to dishwater, or to tea stirred with a few drops of milk, then, whatever be the general condition of the patient, although he may be suffering neither from pain nor weakness, he has the cholera. The progress of the disease has then to be arrested by the use of peppermint, of which the patient must drink half a cup-full every quarter of an hour; it is to be taken quite hot, sweetened, and with the addition of two tablespoonfuls of rum or old cognac, together with twenty drops of tincture of cinnamon. Perspiration is then produced, and the infusion is continued till the motions are checked. Three hours generally suffice for this. If the medicine thus administered promote signs of intoxication, this is to be regarded as a favorable sign of recovery; if it cause vomitings, then it is to be discontinued, and a small glass of old cognac or of green chartreuse is to be substituted in its place, which is to be taken every quarter of an hour. When the disease has reached its crisis, it is generally necessary to confine the treatment mainly to alcoholized aromatics, energetic frictions, injections not too strongly etherized, rubbing of the limbs, and to use every suitable means for increasing the circulation and exciting the nervous system."

LOGIC; OR, THE WAGER WON.—Two gentlemen, who had been born on the same day, were once celebrating the event by a dinner to their mutual friends. After the cloth was removed, and the social glass had circulated pretty briskly, one of the hosts said to the other: "What'll you lay, Johnson, that I do not prove myself considerably older than you?" "Why, that's downright nonsense," returned the other, "and, as I am sure of winning, I'll bet you a rump and a dozen you cannot do it." "Done?" "Done!" "Well, then," said the first speaker, "what is your age to day?" "Forty," said Johnson. "Why, then," cried the other triumphantly, "as we were both born on the same day, I must of course be *forty too!*" A hearty laugh followed this *logical deduction*, and it was allowed on all hands that the wager was fairly won, although at the expense of adding two years to the age of the winner.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY VERNET.

Cacao.

A very pretty, ornamental, something medicinal, and semi-deciduous little shrub is the Cacao of the western slopes of the Chilian, Bolivian, and Peruvian Andes. Considering its peculiar properties, and the great natural beauties of the little Andean, it is almost a wonder that its merits are not more widely known. It ought to be in every garden in the United States, if only for its graceful beauty, and the delicate perfume of its tiny flowers—white with just a blush of crimson. I am sure it might be successfully reared with us, as I have seen it facing the Andean snow storm bravely, at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet, nearly three thousand above the Indian corn line, though the general preference of the shrub is for a much milder temperature.

The Cacao (pronounced ca-cow,) in its greatest stature is from four and a half to five feet, exceedingly symmetrical in growth, sending up a smooth, round stock to, say one-third its whole altitude, where it divides into two, three, and sometimes into as many as six different stems, each one of which sweeps gracefully outward from the centre in a gentle curve like the beautiful plumes of the great Australian Fern, throwing out laterally a great number of slender, delicate sprays, clad in bright green foliage, the leaves being lanceate, about an inch and a half long, and three-fourths of an inch wide at the base of the sprays, and diminishing gradually to the extremities. The leaves are smooth, as if highly polished and varnished, very bright, and being remarkably pliant, feel like a bit of glossy satin under the fingers. The reason why I have designated the shrub as semi-deciduous is, that although it does shed its foliage annually, the Cacao does not, like the deciduous trees and shrubs, strip itself stark naked every autumn. The leaves remain on the sprays until pushed off by their successors.

The peculiar characteristic of the Cacao, that which makes it a botanical curiosity, is its singular stimulating and exhilarating properties, the chewing of a single dried leaf producing sensations very like the first pleasurable symptoms after inhaling what is usually termed "laughing gas," that moment of glorious happiness just before one drops into utter unconsciousness. But unlike all other stimulants of every nature, the Cacao produced no mental or physical instability, no monstrous hallucinations, or unnatural excitement of either mind or muscle, no stupid torpor, or subsequent disagreeable result. There is an actual reality in the virtues of the Cacao leaf, though it does invariably act like a charm. The mere chewing of two or three of the dried leaves, when one is suffering with hunger, thirst and fatigue, is almost like magic. Hunger is banished, thirst dispelled, the slackened nerves are set up again, and the whole physical system seems proof against the rough wear and tear of laborious exercise.

Now I do not pretend to claim that chewing the Cacao leaf will support life and sustain man in health, strength and vigor, without food, drink or rest. The idea I wish to impart is, that the use of the leaf in the manner described, will greatly modify the effects produced by want of food, drink and rest, and to a reasonable extent, compensate them for its loss. Those who have never witnessed its effects, would think it most unreasonable perhaps.

All veteran travellers through the South American Pacific slopes, and all the various Andean tribes of Indians are familiar with the Cacao and its properties, and inevitably carry with them very carefully, in little scrips, the precious material. It is also universally kept at all the mountain *posadas*, and very frequently at private residences, for gratuitous distribution to travellers who may chance to require a fresh supply.

When we were once prospecting among the Bolivian Andes, two hundred and fifty miles or more from the coast, we used to despatch our mail by an Indian runner, to Cobija—Bolivia's only port—every week, and any one of our couriers would as soon have thought of setting off without his dried mutton, parched corn and cocoa, as without his supply of *Cacao*.

One of these Indian runners will start off at daylight on a *lope*, run perhaps twenty miles, then kindling a mite of a fire, put into his copper panakin three spoonfuls of pounded cocoa, pour in from his water skin a pint of water, boil the material ten minutes, breakfast on it with a bit of dried mutton and a handful of parched corn, and then run through the day on Cacao, achieving sixty miles by sunset, when he comes to a halt for supper and a night's lodgings—in a tree, or under it.

That is very nearly what the *Cacao* is, and its effect upon humanity.

WHAT IS SALERATUS?—Wood is burnt to ashes, ashes are lixivated, ley is the result. Ley is evaporated by boiling, black salts is the residum. The salt undergoes purification by fire, and the potash of commerce is obtained. By another process, we change potash into pearlash. Now put these in sacks and place them over a distillery wash-tub, where the fermentation evolves carbonic acid gas, and the pearlash absorbs it and is rendered solid; the product being heavier, whiter and drier than the pearlash. It is now saleratus. How much salts of ley and carbonic acid gas a human stomach can bear and remain healthy is a question for a saleratus eater. Some people say saleratus will not harm the stomach. It is a *fact*.

☞ Georgia papers speak of the rapid recovery of the state from the effects of the war. The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel says:—"Where the emancipated slaves have abandoned the homestead, the farmer and his sons have ploughed the fields, and have now reaped a fair harvest. In every branch of trade, also, our people have shown more enterprise, and a greater spirit of self-reliance, than ever before. Necessity having thrown many upon their own resources, they are proving by their deeds that they are fully equal to the task before them. This spirit is a glorious one. There is no despondency, no repining, in it."

☞ A man who took the night boat at Newport for New York recently, slept all night, and waking the next morning early, took his travelling bag, went ashore, got into a hack, and asked to be driven to the Astor House. The astonishment of the hackman led to the traveller's discovery of the fact that the boat had been weather-bound at the wharf in Newport all night.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Paraguayan Exclusiveness—Political History—Education—Peculiar Ideas—Paraguayan Pic-nic.

Although the rigid rule of non-intercourse inaugurated by Doctor Francia, the first Paraguayan dictator, has been greatly modified during the latter years of the administration of his successor, Don Jose Lopez, there still remains the same disposition among all classes of Paraguayans to stay at home and mind their own affairs.

As early as 1849, the arbitrary interdiction against foreigners entering the country upon any conditions whatever was so far rescinded that strangers possessed of high scientific attainments, or superior mechanical skill, were permitted to enter the country upon declaring their intentions of settling there and becoming permanent citizens, and at a later period permission was given to foreigners of all nations to enter the country, free from all conditions. But no invitation has ever been extended to emigrants from abroad to come to Paraguay and make their home there—no encouragement has ever been given to settlers from other countries.

The Paraguyan, though he professes and largely practises all the virtues of social good fellowship, can never quite comprehend why, if the country of a foreigner is worth living in, he does not remain at home, instead of coming to cast his lot among strangers.

Nationally, the Paraguayan is an exclusive, in the strictest sense of the word. He never goes abroad, and although friendly and social as ever man was, he has no political sympathy with those who do. A Paraguayan will listen by the hour most attentively to your eloquent description of your own country—its beauty of scenery and climate, its productiveness, resources, wealth and prosperity, and when you have quite exhausted the topic and yourself, reply quite unconcernedly:

"Perhaps, Senor, your country did not like you so well."

He regards you as either a very foolish fellow, to desert such a home, or else as one of England's early Australian emigrants, who boasted of himself and companions thus:

"True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good."

While the native Paraguayan loves his native land to the very excess of enthusiasm, he loves himself to the furtherest verge of egotism, making no secret of his self-esteem, but rather boasting, as did Josh Hibbard, sixth son of the good old Green Mountain deacon:

"Of all my father's family,
I like myself the best;
If Providence provides for me,
The dogs may take the rest."

The Paraguayans, during the years that they have been shut in from all the outside world, have seen just sufficient of their neighbors of Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Bolivia, and the Banda Oriental, whom they have met at their frontier barriers commercially, to teach them that they are inferior, both physically and intellectually, to themselves, and as there has neither been opportunity nor inducements for an influx of European or North American emigration of the very highest order, Paraguayans naturally enough class the natives of these countries in the same category with their near neighbors.

There is, however, an almost universal exception to this estimation of foreigners, in favor of the people of the United States. It was very few representatives of our nation that the majority of Paraguayans had ever seen at the time we visited their country. But all of them had heard how the people of *Los Estados Unidos* had in their infancy whipped their powerful mother country, whom the Paraguayans hate, and built up a mighty Western Empire of commerce and agriculture, and industrial enterprise, whitening all seas with the sails of their ships, and lastly they had heard that Generals Taylor and Scott, with inferior armies, had everywhere beaten and vanquished *el Mexicanos*, whom in their erroneous estimate they held as a race of heroes, they accorded to *los Americanos del Norte* a very high place in their admiration and respect. His Excellency, Don Jose, said one day to Madam Cosmo:

"Senora Minnie, if I were not a Paraguayan, I should be the proudest to be a citizen of the United States."

Minnie snubbed the Dictator something sharply in her reply:

"Don Jose, there is no one of my countrymen whom you see here who would barter his birthright of citizenship for the Paraguayan Presidency."

The political history of Paraguay, in a national point of view, is as simple as it is singular. During the Spanish rule in South America, Paraguay was an integrate of the Vice Royalty of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, and when these provinces threw off their foreign yoke, the Paraguayans contributed more towards establishing the Buenos Ayrean Republic than any other three provinces of the river Plata.

The country remained a member of the Argentine Confederacy until 1814, when, becoming restive under the central rule of the Southern provinces, they withdrew from the confederacy, after teaching the combined force of all the other provinces that the part of prudence would be to keep hands off and let them alone. They set up national housekeeping for themselves, on an entirely new principle.

Dr. Francia, first elected Provisional President, being a shrewd, far-seeing, educated, and energetic man, confident that continued intercourse with the provinces from which Paraguay had politically withdrawn herself, would lead to continual difficulties, and that from either commercial or social connections with her other neighbors, Paraguay could never be the gainer, the doctor very soon managed his election for life, with dictatorial powers, and one of his first executive acts was to shut out foreigners and shut in Paraguayans so effectually, that Paraguay was as isolated from all foreign influence as the wool-and-ivory Kingdom of Dahomey.

By decree of the Dictator, the most liberal system of education was inaugurated. Schools were everywhere throughout the country established, attendance by all classes of children was made compulsory, and education in all its popular useful branches became universal. Industry, husbandry, all the useful callings in mechanics, were encouraged; the Dictator himself setting the example of simplicity and domestic economy; and after all, though the non-intercourse principle may not apply to nations as a universal rule, that Paraguay and Paraguayans have been benefitted by their many years of exclusiveness, is a fact established beyond controversy.

In the fifty years of her national existence, Paraguay, with the exceptions of her brief difficulty with the United States, a few years since—brought on wholly by the affrontive assumption of a vagabond not worth an hour's diplomatic consideration, and her present serious quarrel with three of her near neighbors—Paraguay, as I was going to observe, has been free from foreign trouble, internal revolutions, or military *emeutes*, so common in South America—her people always industrious, prosperous, and progressive.

The peculiar political institutions of the country have necessarily begotten ideas very general with all classes, quite as peculiar as the genius of their governmental policy. Foremost among these is the ruling idea, that all nations everywhere would be infinitely benefitted by a moral and political Chinese Wall, effectually shutting in themselves, and shutting out all "outside barbarians" and their influences.

"Look at us and our country, and see what seclusion has made of us and it," said Don Manuel Doblado, Minister of Interior, one day, to the Senoras Minnie and Edith. "If your country were to follow our example, in another half a century *los Americanos del Norte* would be next the *Immortals*."

"It is because we are already *immortal*, Don Manuel, that we strive to become *Christians*, stretching out our arms to embrace the whole world," promptly responded our little Baltimore beauty.

In the narrowness of his ideas, the Minister of Interior had imagined that the exclusive rule that had so benefitted his country and countrymen and women, would apply just as happily to the United States.

When we were within two weeks of our departure from the Paraguayan capital, it was decided by the state officials to treat us to an out-door entertainment, that we should hold in mind something longer than we should on our tongues the flavor of their Paraguayan *Yerbe Mate*.

The entertainment was a grand out-door bivouac encampment, feast, fandango, military review, and national frolic generally, and was attended by at least one-half the population of Assumption, to which number were added, I suppose, a thousand *herdieros* and campanieros, with their pretty, graceful donnas, and bright-eyed little senoritas, and then, to make the turn-out *au fait*, there were some three thousand of the *elite* of Paraguay's standing army present at the fete.

The locality selected for the festival was a belt of forest fronting on the river, about nine miles north from the city, the wooded portion of the field being an elevated plateau, with a perfectly level surface, having on its eastern side a wide glacis with a very gentle inclination eastward, cleared from every bush, shrub and obstacle for a stretch of quite two miles so perfectly, that the surface was comparatively like the floor of a ball-room.

In a central position were bivouacked in the forest the civil and military authorities, our party being distributed between the commander of the troops, General Christoval Corigado, and His Excellency, Don Manuel Doblado, Minister of Interior, as the guests of both. To the northward of us were the cantonments of the military, and to the southward the citizens and denizens of the *campo*.

The fete opened with an imposing military review and sham battle with infantry, artillery, dragoons and *lancieros*, and our veteran English colonel, who had seen service in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, and in India, honestly declared that he had never seen army evolutions more beautifully executed.

In the afternoon we had a magnificent bull fight, and during the first hours of the beautiful moonlit night, there was everywhere the tinkling of guitars, click of castanets, jubilant laughter, and thousands gracefully gliding, whirling, and glancing to and fro in the hilarious fandango, gay *balero* and mystic *Esperanza la Tarantula*.

On the second day we had feats of agility and strength, equestrian and pedestrian races, a mimic tiger hunt, whirling the lasso, in the afternoon a grand tournament by more than five hundred cavallieros, and at night a repetition of the Terpsichorean festival.

The third days' entertainment was prefaced by another parade and mock battle, followed by a general saturnalia of fun, frolic and mischief, in which everything human, from His Excellency, Don Jose, down to the poor *peons*, all joined with a hearty good will, and such another carnival of universal fun I do not believe was ever before inaugurated on this earth. The "blowing out" scene on the Corso of the Eternal City, on the last night of the Carnival, was never a faint reflection of our Paraguayan saturnalia.

At sunset the festival was at an end, and our moonlight ride back to Assumption was a most delightful one, all being well pleased with our three day's pic-nic.

The editor of one of the great Parisian reviews, settling with Charles Nodier, one of the great authors, for an article he had written, which was to be paid for by the line, demurred very much at counting the spaces as printed matter. At last he came to the signature. "Well," said he, "Monsieur Nodier, you are certainly not going to make me pay for the signature?" "Of course not," replied Nodier, "you can leave it out altogether. I don't care about its being printed at all." The editor saw that he had been caught in a trap, as the signature was what gave value to the article. He never disputed afterwards the price with M. Nodier.

A Statue Weeping by Steam.—The Florence correspondent of the Independence Belge says that a singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the faubourgs of Milan. A statue of Saint Magdalen, which has long been famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently moved, in order to facilitate repairs for the church. It was found that the statute contained an arrangement for boiling water. The steam passed up into the head, and was there condensed. The water thus produced made its way by a couple of pipes to the eyes, and trickled down upon the cheeks of the image. So the wonderful miracle was performed.

☞ "Thou art a little bear, madam," said a Quaker to a fashionable belle at an evening party. "Sir?" exclaimed the dismayed one. "About the shoulders, I mean," smilingly replied he.

Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

Aunty Scranton Visits Sook at "Widder" Cole's.

How-de-dew, Widder Cole, how-de-dew? How smart an' well you're a lookin'! Why, it's good fur sore eyes tew see ye.

An' how be *you*, Sook? Smart as a cricket, hey? An' busy as a bee, tew. Wall that's right. Pretty scrumptious gal Sook is, ain't she, Widder Cole? of I *did* bring her up! I know she'd make a fustrate wife fur any young feller thet was lucky enough ter git her fur a wife. Yis, Sook *is* smart, an' ther ain't no disputin' on't, ef she is my darter. You see, Widder Cole, I've allers took ontirin' pains ter teach her everything 't a young lady dorter know. I've larnt her every branch o' house work, frum hemmin' a night cap an' makin' a shirt, down tew stuffin' a chicking, and keepin' a tidy dish-cloth. Now *thet's* somethin' thet a good many would-be young ladies with all ther music an' French an' flummery dunno nothin' at all about. Why I've seed 'em thet I actooally b'lieve wouldn't a knowed a dish-cloth frum a moprag, an' would jest as lives take the cup-towel tew wipe up a slop on the floor as not. It's perfectly astoundishin' how some mothers doos bring up ther gals. Now, *you*, Widder Cole, haint had no gals ter bring up, an' you haint properly noticed so much about mothers' manigemunt with ther darters as you would ef your Jake hed ben a gal, ur you 'd a hed a darter o' your own. But now *I've* brought up a gal, an' I've ben yuster noticin' the manigemunt o' mothers, an' tryin' tew to profit by it, 'cause I allers said ter myself, says I, "Miss Scranton, you dunno so dretful much but what you may larn somethin' new thet 'll be an advantage tew ye some time mebby of you look about sharp, an' see how other folks that is smart an' well tew dew in the world manages with *ther* gals." Fur I allers meant Sook eh'd be jest 's smart 's as any gal in the town, an' hev jest 's good a chance, an' I think she has. We've sent her tew the best schools, me 'n Bennydad, an' she's got book-larnin' anough fur half-a-dozen. On'y Sook never went intor the fumididdle branches, music, an' makin' picters, an' wax-works, an' all thet sort o' thing like the Poppleses, an' the Davises, an' them.

But fur cookin' a fustrate dinner, ur fur fine sewin', ur fur smartin' up a house, ur fur gittin' a big job o' work did up in a jiffy, my Sook is wuth ten sich gals as Anner Felishear Popple, ur Angeliker Belinder Davis, if I dow say it thet's hed the bringin' on her up.

Thet air Anner Felishear Popple is a gret lady in her folkses estimation, but I can tell ye, Widder Cole, she ain't much in *mine*. Now I *must* tell ye about her gittin' dinner one day fur comp'ny—dy'e ever hear on't, Widder Cole?—thet time 't they hed a lot o' big-bugs frum the city tew years ago—you remember? Young Noah Smith hed ben a visitin' on 'em—the old millionary Smith's son—with his tew flauntin' sisters dressed ter kill. They did talk then, the Poppleses did, an' continooed tew a long spell arter, thet Noah Smith was engaged ter be married ter Anner Felishear till folks see thet he didn't come out here frum the city ter court her no more, an' they hed ter *let* it drop.

Noah wan't no more fit ter marry Anner, now, an' hedn't no more idee on it then ef she 'd a ben his aunt, *I* don't believe, fur Noah was jest a young sprig of a dandy, not more 'n sixteen year old, with the leetlest bit of a mustache jest sproutin' like yaller chicking down on his upper lip, an' Anner Felishear was full twenty-five year old, yis, every bit 'n grain o' that, fur I remember well when she was born. Twas the summer arter we was married—Bennydad an' me—the summer thet good old father Scranton come down frum up country ter live with us. Yis, Anner Felishear Popple is older then both o' my younguns; an' Malerky 's ben married now nigh on tew four year—yis, it's quite four year—he married jest arter the war broke out—an' he 'pears tew me tew be quite well along in life. It makes me feel old, Widder Cole, t' be sure, tew think on't specially as I'm a sojer's widder now. Deary suz! how times doos change!

Wall, as I was a sayin', Anner Felishear is all of a year older'n my Malerky, an' lor! how she uster shine up tew him when they went tew school together. She don't seem ter ketch no husband yit, Anner Felishear don't, I dunno what's the reason. Now, my Malerky hadn't no more notion o' marryin' on her then ever Noah Smith hed, not a niety more.

Wall, I was a goin' tew tell ye about Anner Felishear's gittin' dinner fur a lot o' big bugs. It was one Sunday, an' her mother an' the Masons, thet were visitin' there, an' Anner Felishear's twin sisters was all a goin' ter church, an' Anner Felishear's mother said that Anner Felishear must stay tew hum an' git the dinner, 'cause Miss Mason she pertickerly wanted Miss Popple ter go with 'er, as they was old friends, an' Miss Popple an' Miss Mason hadn't seed each other before in a good many year, an' yuster allers go ter church an' everywhere together, an' it would seem kinder old-fashioned like tew go together agin, as they yuster. Now Noah Smith an' his sisters, they'd ben a stayin' some time tew Miss Poppleses, but the day before they'd rid off some half a dozen miles tew visit a rich famerly over in the region o' Wicketegnock Cove, an' they want expected back under at least a couple o' days.

Wall, Miss Popple generally keeps a gal tew help dew the housework, but the larst one she'd hed, hed hed a flare up an' cut an' run, an' left Miss Popple all in the lurch, with a house-full o' fash'nable visitors.

Now, Miss Popple can dew a nation sight o' work herself, an' taint a yoosual thing with her tew shunt the work off ontew her gals. Her gret fault is she don't make 'em dew none o' the housework ginerally, but this time things come off jest as they did, an' they all went off tew church an' left Anner Felishear tew git the dinner.

It was green sass time, an' they was a goin' ter have a biled dinner, squashes an' pole-beans, an' beets, an' turnips, an' new pertaters, an' pork an' beef, an' so on.

I most wonder sich a fash'nable woman as Miss Popple would daster have a biled dinner at all when she had comp'ny, but howsomever, so it was.

Mr. Popple, he'd ben an' picked all the green sass in the mornin'—he allers tends well tew the men's work Mr. Popple does, an' sometimes a good share o' the women's work tew. Miss Popple, she'd ben an' shelled the beans, so't all Anner Felishear hed tew dew was tew wash the meat 'n sass an' git it on bilin', an' set the table fur dinner, an 'take up the dinner when't was done.

Wall, so what does Anner Felishear dew but sit the meat'n sass all together in the pot, pertaters tew the bottom, an' set it over the fire an' pour in cold water enough ter kiver the hull.

Luckily they hed a good coal fire, so't the pot *did* git ter bilin', but the 'tarnal goose didn't know't, the water dorter a ben bilin' hot, an' the meat put in fust, an' thet the beets dorter ben biled in a kittle by themselves, so's not ter stain the rest o' the sass an' the meat; an' thet beets allers needs bilin' three hull hours, an' beans an' turnips on'y tew, an' good, ripe, mealy pertaters not more'n half an hour, 'specially over a red-hot coal fire.

Then she dorter a cut open the squashes, an' took out the innards, an' put the squash intew a bag by itself tew bile, so't when 'twas did tender she could take out bag'n all, an' squeeze the squash dry before seasonin' on't.

There was fust the pertaters tew the bottom o' the kittle, then the turnips,—she hadn't pared them turnips at all—then the beef'n pork, next the hull lot o' beans, an' top o' them the beets that needed the most bilin' of all, an' douced the lot with cold water.

Now, Sundays, the Poppleses, like a good many other folks, don't have ther dinner till about three ur four o'clock, an' so have dinner an' supper all in one, an' the table on'y sot twice a day.

I don't dew that way myself at all. Ef you don't set the table more'n twice a day, your folks must go tew the buttery an' git a lunch, an' *that's* more litter'n muss'n trouble then settin' table fur 'em, that's my doctrine.

Wall, you see Mr. and Miss Popple an' the Masons had rid tew church in Miss Mason's kerrige, so arter church they all concluded they'd drive out furder intew the country, an' then git back time enough fur dinner. So Miss Popple she telled the twins tew make haste hum, an' help Anner Felishear about the dinner, so't would be sure tew be ready by the time they come hum.

But the gals—them twins—they're jest 's full o' old Nick 's a negg is o' meat—an' don't care no more fur what ther mother says then *I* dew, not a grain nor morsel,—what does them twins dew but go straight off over tew their uncle's as sune as the kerrige was movin' out o' sight. I don't spose they'd a knowed any better about the dinner'n Anner Felishear—p'raps not so well—like's not they wouldn't a thought tew wash the sass at all till after it was biled—I dare say they wouldn't.

Wall, so Anner Felishear got the dinner on tew bile, an' biled it three hours by the clock, puttin' in more water now'n then frum the tea-kittle as it needed it.

Then she sot her table all in fustrate style, an' arter the three hours was up she sot herself about takin' up the dinner.

Fust she took out the beets an' peeled 'em. They wan't did anough so 't the skins would slip off!

Now you 'n I know, Widder Cole, thet when beets is biled nice 'n tender you jest take 'em right out o' the hot kittle an' pour bilin' water on 'em an' the skins 'll slip off, jest 's smoothe 's the laying of a nonion, but Anner Felishear had n't never helped her mother about biled dinners, so she didn't know nothin' about it.

She skinned the beets 's well 's she could, fur they was awful tough, then she thought she 'd slice 'em up in vinegar, an' they would n't show so plain how bad they was done, an' how kinder haggled they was on the outside where she 'd peeled 'em.

An' all the while the rest o' the sass was bilin' like all possessed. Next thing she took a big fork an' fished out the meat, an' the water bilin' an' sputterin', an' scaldin' her delerkit hands wherever a drop sputtered ontew 'em. The pork was all stained with the beets, a kinder dirty red, an' the beef looked kinder black 'n grim. Then she took a ladle an' went tew dippin' up the beans an' whatever else come up with 'em intew a big pan. The water sputtered so she couldn't dew much, the water was so awful hot, and there warnt a soul in the house tew help her lift off the pot. So she run out tew the garding gate an' called tew Miss Wiggins, over tew the next house tew come an' help her—it was Miss Wiggins thet telled me all the particklers, so ye see I hed 'em straight.

Wall, Miss Wiggins wan't no ways reluctant tew go over an' help a little, 'cause she allers hed a nitchin tew see the inside o' other folkses kitchings, an' know all 't they was a dewin' ur a havin'. So she run right over an' helped Anner Felishear right off with the pot, an' then staid an' offered tew help Anner Felishear git the dinner ontew the table. Anner Felishear, I s'pose, hated tew have Miss Wiggins round seein' what a mess she 'd got, but she couldn't help herself, fur Miss Wiggins kep a stayin' so she had ter let 'er help some.

The fust thing Anner Felishear done was tew ladle up the dinner intew the big tin pan, beans, squashes, turnips, pertaters, an' all in one general jummux. The squashes was did so soft they all split open, an' the innards run out all in amongst the beans, and the turnips come all tew pieces, and as fur the pertaters, they was all biled up inter a kind o' soup like an' burnt ontew the bottom o' the kittle. There warnt no shape o' pertaters tew 'em, an' they had n't ben peeled, so ther skins was all mixed up with the beans. Sich a sight as that air kittle o' biled dinner was!

Says Miss Wiggins tew Anner Felishear, says she, "What be you a takin' the sass up intew a tin pan fur?" says she.

"Oh," says Anner Felishear, "so't I can git tew it tew separate it better. I'm a goin' tew take out the turnips fust," says Anner Felishear, says she, "an' then fix the squashes, an' afterwards take up the beans an' strain off the water frum the pertaters, an' mash 'em up an' season 'em. We're all on us fond o' mashed pertaters—we don't skursely think 'em fit tew eat of they're sot ontew the table hull."

Wall, Miss Wiggins said she thought she should a most died, she wanted to larf so, but she dasn't, so she kep in the tickle an' drawed down a long face, an' fell tew helpin' Anner Felishear the best she could.

Miss Wiggins didn't say nothin' tew Anner Felishear but what the dinner was all jest as it dorter be, of course she didn't. Wall, they got out the squashes an' the turnips as well's they could—Anner Felishear hadn't peeled nary a turnip, an' you know, Widder Cole, that turnips *allers* has tew be peeled 'fore cookin' tew keep 'em frum tastin' strong, tew say nothin' o' neatness—then they come tew takin' out the beans from amongst the soft biled taters, an' gittin' out the squash seeds an' innards, an' little bits o' turnip that was all mixed up with 'em, an' Anner Felishear was jest a dippin' up a ladle full, an' Miss Wiggins a standin' by holdin' the deep dish tew put 'em in, an' ready to die she wanted tew larf so, when ding-dong went the front-door bell!

"It's mar an' Miss Mason an' them, I guess," says Anner Felishear, droppin' the ladle an' hurryin' tew wash 'er hands. Miss Wiggins sot down the deep dish an' offered tew go tew the front door, but Anner Felishear wouldn't let 'er. "No, I thank ye, I'll go myself," says Anner Felishear, says she, "though what they sh'd ring the bell fur *I* don't see, 'thout's something's happened tew 'em, fur the door aint locked. But mebby it's somebody else has come," says she. So she ketched up the dish-cloth an' wiped 'er hands on it an' run ter the front door. Wall, Miss Wiggins heard voices an' exclamations o' surprise, an' all, an' pretty soon Anner Felishear come runnin' out, an' says she tew Miss Wiggins, says she, "What *in* the world *shall* I dew?" says she. "Don't you b'lieve, Miss Wiggins, that Noah Smith an' his sisters has come," says she, "onexpected, an' Miss Mason an' them'll all be here sune, an' every soul on 'em 'll be here tew dinner, an' jest see what luck I've hed with them pertaters an' beans! Oh my! what *shall* I dew? How *does* mother manige tew separate 'em so nicely? *She* never gits 'em mixed all in tergether so." Then a new thought 'peared tew strike 'er, an' she turned tew Miss Wiggins, an' says she, "Miss Wiggins, haint you got a colander," says she, "with holes intew it big enough tew strain out the soft pertaters an' not let the beans through? Ef you hev," says she, "dew fur massy's sake run hum an' git it for me, please, 'cause I expect mother every minute, an' I don't want her tew see 'em as they be."

"I've got a colander that was made tew sift punkin in," says Miss Wiggins, says she, almost killin' herself tew keep from larfin', "an' I'll run hum an' git it quick, an' hand it over tew ye tew the garding gate. I guess I won't come back here agin," says she, "'cause it's time I was tew hum agin." An' Miss Wiggins, jest's sune's her back was turned, stuffed her apron intew her mouth to keep frum screamin'. Wall, she handed over the colander out tew the garding gate, an' then she run back an' run up stairs, clean tew the furdest corner o' the garret, an' there she gin way tew larfin', an' held her sides an' rolled on the floor, an' fairly cried. Wall, she said, Miss Wiggins did, that she made herself down sick fur a week larfin' over Anner Felishear's biled dinner.

Noah Smith an' his flarin' sisters went off the next day, an' they haint never come tew Gadall tew visit the Poppleses sence; so *that's* what comes o' not larnin' gals how tew dew housework. I don't think myself that Anner Felishear ever'll git married, *I* don't, fur all she's sich a gret lady.

How to Meet the Cholera.

First, have a clear conscience. Next, attend to the following directions:

Cholera has two stages, a premonitory, or mild stage, and a stage of collapse, which is fatal. The premonitory stage is ushered in by a mild, painless diarrhœa, which generally continues for hours, sometimes for days, before the stage of collapse sets in. In this premonitory stage the disease is readily and promptly curable by simple remedies, combined with rest in the recumbent position. All that is necessary, therefore, to prevent a fatal attack of cholera is that the patient shall lie down, keep warm and quiet, and take such remedies as will relieve the diarrhœa.

A knowledge of these facts led many English towns, in former visitations of cholera, to organize a body of visitors, under the direction of a central medical board, whose duty it was to visit from house to house, two, three or four times daily, and inquire in every family for those cases of diarrhœa. Each visitor carried the proper remedy, and personally attended to its administration, and to the confinement of the patient to his bed. The result of those organizations was most happy. In numerous instances towns lying in the direct track of the disease did not lose a single inhabitant by cholera, though thousands of cases of painless diarrhœa were treated.

"YOU'LL LOVE ME YET."

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing:
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry
From seeds of April's sowing.

I plant a heartful now—some seed
At least is sure to strike
And yield—what you'll not pluck, indeed,
Nor love, but, may be, like.

You'll look, at least, on love's remains,
A grave's one violet:
Your look?—That pays a thousand pains.
What's death?—You'll love me yet!

Dr. Chalmers was no exception to the saying that a prophet is not without honor save among his own countrymen. When he preached in London his own brother, James, never went to hear him. One day, at the coffee-house which he frequented, the brother was asked by one who was ignorant of the relationship if he had heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of his?

"Yes," said James, somewhat drily, "I have heard him."

"And what did you think of him?"

"Very little, indeed," was the reply.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the inquirer. "*When* did you hear him?"

"About half an hour after he was born," was the cool answer of the brother.

When he preached at his native place, so strong was the feeling of his father against attending any but his own parish church, or so feeble was the desire to hear his son, that although the churches of the two Parishes of Eastern and Western Anstenther stood but a few hundred yards apart, the old man would not cross the separating brook to hear him.

☞ A "Holy Family" by Raphael, painted on a piece of wood, fourteen by eleven inches, has been recently purchased for the National Gallery in London, for $45,000. A Murillo, which had belonged to Marshal Soult, was purchased for the Louvre, in 1852, for $115,000—a good price for a few square feet of canvas.

☞ Garibaldi offers himself as a candidate for representative of Turin in the next Italian Legislature, with a view of preventing the annexation of Savoy to France, and of hastening the conquest of Venitia and the Papal States.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

Round went the spinning-wheel,
The crooning little wheel,
Through the rosy fingers
The flaxen thread did steal:
And "sing to me, spinning-wheel!" then said
The pretty maiden that held the thread.

Soft hummed the spinning-wheel,
Murm'ring soft and low:
"The story that I tell
Is of the years ago,
And the little mistress, now no more,
Who sat in the sunshine by the door.

"Ah!" sang the little wheel,
"Such happy days were they!
So full of joy and weal,
Like pearls they slipped away.
Then I went me round right merrily,
With my mistress singing cheerily.

"'Twas when the June had wooed
The roses into bloom,
And made the gray old wood
Faint with their sweet perfume;
When the flaming sun rode down the west
Like a flushed conqueror to his rest.

"A shadow crossed the door,
A shadow crossed the sun;
My mistress spun no more,
The thread hung idly down,
And she raised her sweetest face to see
As handsome a knight as knight could be.

"She raised her sweetest face—
A lovely light it wore;
A lovely light, alas,
I never saw it more!
She set me by with her little hand—
In the door I saw the gay knight stand.

"O, that shining summer,
I smell its sweets to-day!
But summer, but lover,
How soon they passed away!
Then I went me slowly round and round,
And my murmur was the only sound.

* * * * *

"Crimson-hooded Autumn
Was gathering in her grain—
Crimson-hooded Autumn,
With cheeks and eyes aflame,
Looked laughing in at the cottage door:
She looked as she had in days before.

"But to another face
A sad, sad change had come;
It had not lost its grace,
But it had lost its bloom:
Yet the lips were mute, there never came
Murmur of grief nor murmur of pain.

"Oh!" sobbed the little wheel,
"I mind me then a day
When I could surely feel
The white hands slip away:
They slipped away, and with gentle sigh
She quietly laid her down to die."

Sang the old spinning-wheel,
"'Twas fifty years ago,
Those days that dawned in weal,
Those days that closed in woe:
I know no song but this only one."
And the wheel ceased, but the maid wept on.

Sequel to Pauline Rome.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER I.

In two days my resolve was taken—I would continue my engagement with Pauline! For what I had done could only result in alternatives of suffering, and in justice *I* must not be the one to escape. I would continue my engagement with Pauline. Miss Periam would not care for it—Ned would overlive it; Pauline would be saved, and the punishment would be mine who had deserved it. So I drove over to Mr. Periam's.

"How pale you are, Dane; and your eyes look sleepless!" he exclaimed, as he met me in the hall.

"I have business with you, sir," I said, and stepping into the library; with but little preamble, I told him of my proposal for Miss Rome's hand. He looked at me amazed.

"I thought," he said, slowly, and there stopped; and grasping my hand shook it heartily. "I can trust her with you!" he said then.

So we sat and talked about Pauline; and all that her guardian said of her made my path plainer before me I thought. She was *my* Pauline now, to guard, to care for. But—a pang of desolateness struck through my heart as I glanced aside at a portrait of Queen Bess Periam, smiling stately down! Mr. Periam called me back to business, with the question,

"How about the settlements, Dane?"

"Is it time for that?" I asked, vaguely.

"Well, we might as well speak of it. I suppose you will not wish to defer matters very long, as there is nothing to prevent either of you from marrying. Pauline will be able to provide her own *trousseau*—nothing more. You are wealthy, Dane, and generous; but I, as Pauline's guardian, would like to have some special provision for her in the Future."

That I did not object to—that I did not care for. Money was nothing compared with some other things. If I could have given all my wealth to Pauline, and been myself free, gladly would I have done that. But I had marked out my course, and must follow it. So I talked over the settlements with Mr. Periam, and then went slowly to find Pauline.

She was in the garden under a cedar tree. She came to meet me with a timid, blushing face.

"I have almost dreaded to see you, Dane," she said, "I have been so afraid you were changed, and would not love me any more. But that was wrong—not like your chosen lady. I never will be afraid again!"

I smiled down at her. Having made my resolve, I would carry it through well, and she should not suspect the truth. Aye, even though Elizabeth Periam stood so near, waiting to lay her little hand in mine and to congratulate me! I was determined to live my life through, long or short, according to my best knowledge, trusting that in the next world there would be no more puzzles. Everything should be done; this Pauline of mine, should have a fair chance in life. Yet there was a chill in my heart, as I drew on her finger, in token of our betrothal, the ring which my mother used to wear.

"It was my mother's, Pauline, and she is an angel now!" I said.

Pauline's eyes looked like violets in the morning, so blue and dewy.

"Ah! the angels are so far away sometimes!" she exclaimed. "Dane, do you think she will ever come to watch me?"

Oh, if I only *could* have loved Pauline Rome, how happy her wistful tenderness would have made me! As it was, I hardly knew what to do with it. When I looked around, Miss Periam had gone; I could see her white dress fluttering through the shrubbery, as she passed up the path to the house. It was just as well. From henceforth she must always appear thus to me, far from me, ever vanishing away!

After this I visited the Periam mansion weekly; but Ned was never my companion. He went away from home—whither, I hardly knew; though some sporting expedition was made the pretext. Meanwhile, preparations for the wedding, *our* wedding! went on rapidly; for, as Mr. Periam had said, there was nothing to prevent either of us. Pauline seemed to have grown more lavishly beautiful, every time I saw her. She was a subject for public enthusiasm; wherever I went, men freely congratulated me on being the successful wooer of *la belle Rome*.

This I did not like. I could not bear to have feelings which should be so sacred, made the theme of common talk. I could not forget the words Lieutenant Brandon had once spoken to me, and I watched sensitively whenever anyone mentioned Pauline, to detect some meaning in his glance, some irony in his expression, which might convey a slight to my betrothed. To Pauline for a long time I did not hint this dissatisfaction, not till one day.

That day on my ride thither, I met Lieutenant Brandon driving indolently along the road with another gentleman, whom I had seen at Mr. Periam's occasionally. They nodded in passing, and I was almost sure the next moment that I heard my name mentioned lightly with Pauline's, and Lieutenant Brandon laughed with a sneer. I rode on, feeling somewhat disturbed, and then began to reproach myself for this constant suspicion of Pauline.

When I reached the house I found her and Miss Periam in the library, which actually for the nonce they had converted into a dress-making and millinery establishment. Pauline was in her glory, choosing colors and fabrics for her marvellous *trousseau*, which she assured me would be the daintiest and rarest a bride ever had.

"Look at this wine-colored velvet!" she exclaimed, draping it over her white arm, "it is too warm now for velvet; but next winter, sir, you shall see me wear it right royally. I am that degree of blonde that I can wear anything, grave or gay. Which do you like best, Dane?"

"I like quiet colors," I said.

"Oh, dear! Well, I will have some blacks, and grays, and browns, sometimes, to gratify your unripe taste. But for my own—oh, this purple and this gold-color delights my very heart!"

So she chatted away, quite happy, turning over ribbons and laces, silks, and whatever else ladies buy for dresses, all exquisite in tint and texture she assured me. While Queen Bess, with a little smile on her face, stitched busily away on something fine and white. Pauline began softly humming, by-and-by,

"Jubilate! I am loved,
Now am I like a little queen!"

When suddenly with a gesture sweeping up some crimson thing in folds, and tossing it over her shoulder, she said,

"There, when I wear this, I'll be like pomegranate-centres. Lieutenant Brandon told me this morning, all such rich-hearted colors were mine by right. He called me a queen, too!" she added, laughing. "Ah! I'll queen it before him some day!"

I felt my face grow dark and stern.

"Pauline," I said, "does Lieutenant Brandon come here making pretty speeches to you?"

She looked startled, but half defiant.

"And why, oh, my Puritan lord and master? If people think me beautiful, and I am, and they tell me so, is that any harm? I like to be admired!"

"No harm, Pauline, except that no man wants to see his chosen wife fooled with flatteries, or made a jest of all over the country for her charming frivolity."

Pauline went over to Elizabeth's side.

"Bess," she said, pleadingly, "you are so wise. Can you understand this man? Tell me what he wants of me."

Miss Periam looked up at her kindly.

"Pauline," she asked, "what do you keep locked in that little box in your room? Is there anything you own—any treasure, that you would not want the whole world looking at even to praise?"

"Yes, you know," answered Pauline, readily, "there is the Bible my mother gave me, and that bracelet of hers with my child-face in it. I cannot bear to have people touch them; I keep them hidden."

"Why?" asked Miss Periam.

"Bess! they are like things that are holy, and they are *mine* to keep hidden. It would almost spoil them if everyone was looking at them, and touching them, and criticising them!"

"Well, dear," said Miss Periam, vividly blushing, "I think perhaps a man feels so about his chosen wife."

What a sweet, bright smile shone on Pauline's face.

"I see," she said, "I see now! That's one of the things I have to learn. And now that I know it, how ashamed I feel not to have realized it all the while! Oh, Dane, Dane, I *will* be your hidden treasure!"

"And how will you begin, dear Pauline?" I asked, trying to speak tenderly.

"I know that, I think. If I do not wish to be talked *of*, a great deal and very freely, I must not let them talk *to* me much, or freely at all. They must not dare to flatter me. Is that what you would like, Dane?"

"Just that," I said, and she was satisfied.

How willing and childlike she was! If she had only been just a little other than herself, and the one of my choice, how I could have loved her. But she was not.

The wedding-day was fixed before long. I did not object. If it were to be done, let it be done quickly. I wanted no possibility of temptation to abandon Pauline; I must not fail her. The papers were also drawn up, containing the disposition of my property in Pauline's favor. A large sum, safely invested, was made her own at once. In case of my death, the old ancestral home, with its few acres of park, would become Ned's, but all the rest I secured to Pauline. These papers were drawn up, signed and witnessed, and deposited in Mr. Periam's hands one week before the wedding-day. I went through everything mechanically, doing whatever I was told, and yet half happy in the thought that at least I was not acting selfishly. I believe there is something in our nature which is pleased at the thought of voluntary self-sacrifice.

Wednesday came. Friday was the day appointed for Pauline Rome to become Mrs. Dane Hawes. No one had seemed to think of the old superstition about the ill luck of a deed done on Friday. The day was chosen on account of her birth-day, and in my inmost heart I did not feel like rejecting an ill omen; besides, I did not believe in it, so I said nothing. The cards were out, the guests invited, and already it was Wednesday. Ned had not returned; I hardly thought he meant to do so. I was at Mr. Periam's house that day, and in the evening quite a company were gathered there by informal invitation, for he liked to have his house full of cheer always. He declared that this was the beginning of wedding festivities, and it was pleasant to see the fine old man moving through his parlors, with a smile and kind word for every one. His "Queen Bess" leaned on his arm; all the company in the world would never have made her forget her father. She wore this evening something lavender-colored, I think, and very pure and very delicate the queenly maiden looked as she passed the people by with that bright smile of hers, which showed a heart at peace. In fact I had never seen Miss Periam very much moved about anything. We all have our dreams in youth, you know. It seemed as if she had never waked from any of hers. She walked in a world of her own imaginings, pure and lofty, and that was what made her seem so cold sometimes. I loved to watch her. I wondered if any change could make her more charming. People always asked her to play, she did that so exquisitely, and so this evening before long she was seated at the piano, sending sweet, wild melody afloat through the air. As I stood, away down at the farther end of the parlor, looking at her so far from me, so unapproachable, Pauline came suddenly to me, and laying both hands on mine, drew me away to a quiet corner. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling.

"Dane," she began, "I mean to tell you everything always. Indeed, I am trying to do right. Once I allowed Lieutenant Brandon to say such words to me as I have regretted ever since. This evening he has repeated them, and when I reproved him he threatened to show you certain letters I wrote him in those mad days. I really did write them, Dane, and what shall I do?"

It stung me to think my promised bride should be subject to insults of this kind.

"I will punish him," I said, trying to put off her clinging hands.

"Oh! do not, do not, Dane! I implore you! It is not as if I had given no cause, dear Dane; it is my retribution. I must tell you all things, and you will help me, but you must not quarrel with him, Dane; that would be worst of all. And I really wrote them, you know." And she clung to me in a piteous terror, till at last I said:

"For your sake, Pauline, there shall be no disturbance, but the letters shall be returned."

Her face grew bright at once.

"Thank you, Dane; it is so beautiful to trust you!" Then with her olden lightness she turned herself about, and asked gaily, "Do you like my dress to-night, Dane?"

Ah! the rhododendron lady! She could not help her glowing tints. She had tried to please me, and wore a dress of pure white. It floated about her like a snowy cloud, but it was Pauline who wore it, Pauline with her indolent grace and tropical warmth of nature, and her sunny unreserve. Her blue eyes, full of their heat lightnings, dazzled me. She had wreathed her hair with pink honeysuckles, whose perfume was sickeningly sweet, and below the wreath her golden curls fell rippling all about her shoulders. Half in a tangle, too, they were. Why could Pauline never be quite perfect? But it was hard to be stern, and chase the light from that eager, upturned face.

"You are a pink mayflower in the snow," I said, "but mayflowers mustn't hang out such signals as these." And I lifted a tangle of curls before her eyes, then pushing the whole wavy mass back from her brow, I said: "There! that's more classic."

"Do you like that better?" she asked, and, childlike, she ran from the room, coming back some time after, when I had almost forgotten her, with her golden hair all knotted up behind, quite in the Greek style, and it was charmingly effective.

How could such winning earnestness fail to please? I could have beaten myself for a thought which came unbidden: "Ah! if it were only not *Pauline!* If it were only some one I loved!"

I was so angry at myself for that cruel thought, that I threw unusual tenderness into my farewells, and Pauline followed me out into the verandah, and stood there in the light which streamed from the hall, while I hastened down to the gate where my horse waited. Mr. Periam urged me to remain that night, but I was determined on reaching home, so left his house before the other guests dreamed of departing. When I came to the gate, I looked back up the avenue at Pauline, who still stood there, though she could not see me, she knew that I saw her, and so she sent smiles and loving looks after me to the very last. She stood there leaning against a pillar, in her white cloudy robe, with the pink glow in her cheeks, the smile on her parted lips, and the golden hair knotted back in the way I liked.

CHAPTER II.

A storm was brooding; the sky, the very air about me, were black, and the wind came surging up from the sea full of threatening. I liked it; it harmonized with my mood, and I urged my horse on recklessly through the blinding darkness. I was at war with myself; the seal was so soon to be set upon my fate, and the stone rolled to the door of the sepulchre of all that might have been! Was I right in suffering it to be so? I half doubted it; it was a weary, baffling puzzle, but whatever arguments assailed me, I found this one feeling ever the strongest, that it must be right to be unselfish, it must be wrong to fail Pauline. My life would be a lie; that was revolting to me, but it would be for the sake of another; that lent it a slight halo of brightness. Still I was terrified at my own work, and my heart was full of bitterness towards myself. My horse galloped on, under a loose rein, excited by the coming storm, and the strong wind bore down hard upon us. My spirits grew wild and turbulent. I hailed the gathering clouds. I wished that this night of blackness might last my life out, that there might be no to-morrow, no day after to-morrow.

Half my journey was finished, and there the road divided. My course home led inland towards the hills and forests; the other path went off towards the sea. I paused a moment, irresolute, catching from the distance the faint fascinating murmur, which told where the sullen roaring waves were dashing their surf upon the shore. A great longing seized me to stand upon that shore, alone, at night, with the storm upon the sea, that I might feel how brief and little after all was my life with its mistakes, while the sea rolled on as it had rolled for centuries—the patient and enduring sea, the strong and cruel sea, whose waters, nevertheless, God holds in the hollow of His hand. The longing grew, the charm of that far-away murmur was irresistible. I did not mind the fierce coming of the storm, nor the pitchy darkness; they made it grander. I would make a wild night of it. Perhaps I could weary out my haunting conscience.

I turned my horse's head that way, and he galloped willingly along the hard, well-worn road. I bared my forehead to the night; I felt as if I were alone in the universe. Stern old hymns, that the Covenanters used to sing, came trooping through my mind; old memories crowded up, and seemed almost to take form in the void air about me. The wind howled, and the surf moaned nearer and nearer, but through it all I could remember just how my mother's voice sounded when I was a little child, and she read to me how one day an angel should stand with one foot on the sea, and one on the land, and how there should be "a sea of glass mingled with fire." What a day that would be! And it was coming, coming, just as surely as the next moment comes, and the next hour—no slower, no faster, no matter how we desire it or dread it.

Still my good horse pressed steadily on, and soon there was no longer a road, but a broad path across the fields. I knew it well, and the lightning which now and then flashed a blue sheet of flame athwart the sky, showed me all the landmarks, strange and phantom-like in such revealing. Half a mile more, and the shore would be reached; how the surf called me! I knew how its white foam was crawling up the sands, I knew how the tall waves dashed upon each other. My heart bounded as I rode, and finding no fit words for its turbulence, sought refuge in magnificent Homeric hexametes, learned in school-boy day, and forgotten until now. O, the old Greek words, how they kept in tune with the billows!

My horse stopped; the sheeted lightning showed me we were at the top of the steep, sandy bank, below which lay the shore and the surf. I dismounted, my horse stood quiet and panting. The siren sea shouted to me to come down, and feeling for the edge of the bank, thinking I had found my accustomed path, I stepped over its brink, and began cautiously to descend. The wind carried my hat away, and wrestled with me, but I laughed in its face. The bank was steep and high; perhaps I was half way down, grasping the tough beach-grass as I moved, to steady myself, when suddenly my descending foot found no spot to rest on! What could it mean? I paused, thinking that only for a moment could I linger, for the beach-grass was loosening at the root in the friable sand. The lightning shone bluely down again, and showed me the white-toothed waves yawning under my feet. Great heaven! I saw my doom! The tide was high, the storm had lashed the waters to tenfold fury, and reaching up the shore far beyond their wont, they were undermining the bank to which I clung. The sand beneath had given way; by one foot only I retained my place. I reached upward, blindly trying to grasp some stay, but there was nothing to seize, and my one tuft of grass began to yield ominously in my hold. I must struggle with death in a moment more; my horse neighed pitifully up above me; I thought of Pauline, the only one who loved me completely, moving in her floating white dress among Mr. Periam's gay guests; perhaps she was singing

"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

with an arch glance at the bystanders. I thought of Queen Bess, noble and innocent-hearted. I thought of my lost Ned, and of my wedding-day—and the sand crumbled quite away, the grass was uprooted, and I fell back into the dark waters.

I began to swim at once, feeling momently along the bank for something to cling to, perhaps to climb by, but the waves were furious at my resistance. They hurled me away, and then up again, the fearful undertow seized me, and swept me off from the shore. It was so black, and the storm came on. I knew not which way to turn, but instinctively I buffeted with the billows, and kept myself afloat. Once it seemed to me that I heard a shout in the distance, and with all the desperate strength I could rally, I shouted back—a long, wild death-cry it seemed even to myself. And then I grew weary, and it did not seem to matter much if I died, although I heard a cheerful halloo nearer and nearer, and the plashing of oars. The lightning flashed out again; there was a boat coming, I saw it, but I could struggle no longer, and the waters closed over my head.

I do not know what happened then, except as it was told me afterwards. Sometimes I seemed to see forms moving about me, and could hear murmuring voices; then all would grow dark, and ages would seem to pass. Sometimes there was one face with a curly, brown beard bent over mine, but I could not smile nor speak. I could not even wonder. I did not know who I was, I could remember nothing. Once I tried with some curiosity to bend just one finger, and it did not move, my will could not control it. So I lay passive, till one day strength came again, and memory, and I raised myself up to look about me. It was an odd place to wake up in, a little, queer-shaped room, with cups and glasses swinging from the ceiling; and a small window of thick, green glass, through which a dim light fell, and showed me a figure slowly emerging from a heap of pillows in a corner. It was the man with the curly brown beard.

"To heaven be thanks!" he said, with a strong German accent, "this goes well! It rejoices me to see you better."

"Where am I?" I asked, and the faintness of my own voice startled me.

"I will tell you," he replied, "you have very ill been, and this is in a vessel sailing to Bremen. Ask me nothing, I will tell you all, that you need not to speak. It is ten days since that the great storm swept down. We were anchored near the shore, and up and down the deck at night with my thoughts I walked. It became a thunder-tempest; when it lightened I looked shoreward, and by one long, blue flash, a man I saw almost in the waves, clinging to the sand-bank. In all my life never will I that sight forget. I knew the man must fall; I understood not why he should be there, but the sailors at my call a boat lowered, and to the spot we rowed, all in the darkness and the rough waves, but sometimes it lightened. Your scream we heard, we reached you as you sank. I plunged after you for the happiness of saving a human life, and then you were on board brought."

"Ten days ago?" I asked.

"Yes, for you have been ill, you have a fever had. We stopped but at one port, and the captain would put you ashore, but I said no, it would be death, and in my cabin-room I would keep you and nurse you, for you were like my brother, since I saved your life. It could not be helped that we should leave your fatherland, but when we come to Bremen, in some steamer you may return home. For you I will care to the last. Now say no word, you must rest."

And giving me some cordial to drink, he laid his firm, cool hand upon my forehead, and though I tried to think and consider, I fell asleep.

After that I grew strong very fast, and my new friend with his honest brown eyes watched every motion and anticipated every wish. It was so strange to feel all the while the motion of the vessel through the water, but it grew natural at length and like a lullaby. I felt so safe and quiet in the little cabin-room, snatched for a little season from all my perplexities. One morning my new friend, whom I had learned to call Friedrich, brought in some newspapers which the captain had lent him, and began reading them, sometimes aloud with his strong, pleasant German voice. They were the papers brought on board from the last port where we had stopped. Suddenly Friedrich started.

"It is! it is truly you!" he exclaimed, and handed me the paper that I might see for myself. With what a peculiar sensation I read the account of "A Sad Death by Drowning," giving my name, residence, and all attending circumstances. It read thus:

"We have seldom had to record a sadder calamity than the disappearance and undoubted death by drowning of Dane Hawes of Oakley Place, a young gentleman of unblemished character, high attainments, and great wealth. It was the night of the 23d, when our readers will remember so severe a storm swept along our coast. He had been spending the evening at the house of Mr. P——, and left it at about ten o'clock to go home. He was on horseback. It is supposed that his horse became frightened and missed his way in the dark, carrying his unfortunate rider to the very brink of the ocean. There he probably dismounted, and in groping about through the gloom, ventured too near the edge of the steep sand-bank, which being undermined by the unusually high waves crumbled beneath him, and precipitated him into the sea. In the morning some laborers found the horse neighing wildly on the bank; a hat identified as Mr. Hawes's had been hurled to some distance by the wind; and where the sand had given way there were marks of an ineffectual struggle, and the grass was uptorn where he had tried to grasp some hold. He was doubtless swallowed up by the waves, and his body swept away into the deep to await the last great day when the sea shall give up its dead. It is altogether a peculiarly sad event. The deceased was to have been married in two days more to a ward of Mr. P——, to whom he had bidden a gay farewell that evening. The young lady is said to be overwhelmed with grief. Mr. H. had no near relatives but a cousin, who arrived home yesterday and takes charge of all arrangements. Mr. H. had already settled a great portion of his property upon his betrothed, so that her sad loss does not leave her unprovided for in a worldly point of view."

I read this over and over, and smiled as I read; then gave it back to Frederick, saying lightly,

"The funeral baked meats
Will coldly furnish forth the marriage-feast!"

Friedrich was deeply grieved; he thought my longing must be so great to return and relieve the sufferings of my friends. At present that was simply impossible, so he tried to comfort me, but I turned my face away, and smiled to myself.

Free! free! Providence had interposed at last and saved me! To the world, to my friends, to Pauline, I was as one dead. Let it be so; the shock was already over, already they were learning to do without me. Dane Hawes was dead. I would be somebody else now, and begin life over in some strange land. Pauline would believe that I died true to her, her faith would never be destroyed, and she would have all my fortune, so there my conscience was free. Perhaps after a time Ned would woo her again, and she would love him. I was willing at last, for I knew now that she would be a true wife. The problem was solved by my death, all would go right now,—I would not return to entangle the threads of Fate again. O, how light-hearted I felt, as I lay there hiding the smile on my face! Friedrich was puzzled at my fortitude, I think; and so, one day, since he was now the only friend I could claim, I told him my home was better without me, and I should never go back to it.

He shook his head at me gravely.

"But the Fraulein, the lady, her heart will be broken! This does not go well!"

"No, Friedrich," I said, "I cannot explain to you, but her heart will not be broken. It is better as it is. I shall go to your Germany, and find some little town to hide in. What money I have will soon be gone, and then I must work. Will you help me, dear Friedrich?"

"I hope you are right, my friend, I love you, and will help you," he said. My honest-eyed Friedrich! It was a pleasure to look up into his fine earnest face. I felt eager to begin my new life with the good omen of this friendship.

CHAPTER III.

It was a bright clear day in early October, when our vessel furled its sails before the city of Bremen. Germany again! the land where my dreams had been brightest, the land of my studies and aspirations. I hailed its shores, I longed for the quaint old city where I had spent so many years. To my delight I found that Friedrich dwelt in Heidelberg, and we went thither together. He took me to his home, where his mother, a placid, gentle matron, with her blue kerchief folded over her shoulders, smiled graciously upon us; and his little fair-haired sister Gretchen learned to think me a new brother, and frolicked about me like a kitten.

I was Dane Hawes no longer, but Charles Frankau, a worthy but poor young man, trying

to find a situation in some school, as tutor in Latin and English. Friedrich exerted himself in my behalf, and before long I had three schools to attend daily. I fell readily into the German habits; I let my beard grow, and brushed my hair behind my ears. It had been sprinkled with gray ever since that night when I fell into the very jaws of death. Also when I walked in the streets I got in the habit of wearing green spectacles, thinking that best for a while, lest some old fellow-student, or travelling compatriot, should recognize me. And that would never do, since Dane Hawes was dead! After awhile, however, I think not even Ned would have known me.

Every day brought its steady duties with my many pupils, trying to teach the good-natured German maidens whose rosy lips found it so hard to conquer my native language. These schools were as secluded as convents, shut away behind high walls, and with deep dark gardens enclosing them. The teachers, thorough and exacting, made those innocent girls toil at their books like delving miners, and I was one of the task-masters. They called me Herr Carl Frankau. I grew to feel as if I had always been this Carl, living in just this way,—and the dead past buried its dead.

Sometimes of an evening Friedrich and I would stroll off together arm and arm, with our pipes and our thoughts. He would tell me his hopes and fears by the hour, for he was in love with one of the Heidelberg beauties. Then when we went home, he would improvise sweet wild music upon his violin for me, while the little Gretchen sat on a stool at his feet, and the dear old mother looked up benignly at us from her knitting.

So the days went by, and the months. I never sought for news of home; I shunned the foreign newspapers lying in the coffee-houses; for what had Carl Frankau to do with any far-off land? A year passed by, and then another year, and when the second summer came, Friedrich and I slung our knapsacks over our shoulders, cut us each a stout staff, and went off on a pedestrian tour, wandering wherever our fancy led, visiting primitive little villages, crossing lakes, climbing mountains, and living a joyous wild life. One day we paused at Vevay, among the Swiss hills, a charmingly dull little place, with magnificent scenery, just the combination we wished. We stopped at the little inn, and in registering our names my eye was caught by an entry dated the day before.

"*Edward Lacy and wife.*"

I stood stunned and breathless. It had come to pass then as I had thought, and they were in this place! The buried past surged up in my soul again as fresh and vivid as ever, proving itself immortal. Ned and Pauline! I shuddered at the thought of meeting them, and yet I longed that I might.

"Well! what happens to you? You look ghostly!" exclaimed Friedrich at my elbow.

"I recognize these names, Friedrich. Won't you ask the landlord if these people are still here?"

"Yes," the landlord said, "Milor and miladi are here now. They have gone away to walk. They go to-morrow morning in the diligence."

I was beside myself with excitement, but told Friedrich as quietly as I could, that this was a good place to stay in for a few days for fishing and sketching. He assented, and I sent him off to make some inquiries about the articles we should need. Then I myself began to stroll up and down the village streets, apparently an aimless idler, while every sense was on the alert watching for Ned and Pauline. I was so changed in looks, and by the odious green spectacles, I was sure not to be known.

I saw them at last coming down the hill. It was Ned I knew, his form, his step,—and the lady at his side, with her veil blown over her face, leaned lovingly on his arm as Pauline would do. I knew they must turn into the street I was on, so I stepped into a little shop where carvings and prints were sold, that I might get a longer view through the window. They came on laughing and talking; instead of passing, they entered the shop. I immediately retreated to a corner, to examine some old books, keeping my back to the light.

How Ned's dear old voice smote on my heart! The voice was full of gladness, and I knew he was happy now.

"Here, my love!" he said, "look at this charming little chamois-hunter done in white wood. See how lightly he poises his foot, and look at the chamois on his back. It is exquisite,—look at it, my love! Why, what have you found that absorbs you so?"

"Ned," said a clear sweet voice in reply, "Ned, do you notice this face of St. Stephen in this picture. How much it looks like poor Dane! O, Ned, let us take it home to Pauline. Every hint of him is so precious to her!"

Wonder of wonders! It was Elizabeth Peiram's voice! My hand trembled so, I dropped the rare old missal I was examining, upon the floor; and the shopkeeper ran up to me with an anxious face. Elizabeth,—not Pauline! and *she* was Ned's wife! My heart beat so, I was afraid they would hear it.

"It is like him," said Ned, bending over the print, "dear old Dane! Oh, Bess, I would give worlds uncounted to have him back. I cannot bear to think of that dreadful death!"

"He was a good friend," she said.

"The best I ever had!" and Ned's voice choked. "Oh, if I could only have seen him again, Bess! You do not know what bitterness it is that I did not."

"And poor Pauline!" she said softly.

"Yes, poor Pauline! we will buy the picture for her, my darling."

"Carl, Carl!" called Friedrich, from without.

And I hurried past them through the little shop, not so quick, however, but that I heard Ned say,

"Strange how everything reminds me of Dane, to-day! That funny old German fellow had just his step!"

I joined Friedrich, and we went off for a tramp mountainward. Not for wide worlds would I have had Ned discover me, and I took good care not to be in the way, till the diligence had rolled out of the yard with its passengers next morning. But events always come in clusters; and what was my amazement, two days after, to find Friedrich before the inn, seated on the grass and smoking with Lieutenant Brandon.

"My friend Carl Frankau; Herr Brandon," he said, lazily indicating us to each other.

"Your servant, sir," said Brandon. "Well, as I was saying, Mr. Werden, I think the continent has grown stupidly dull, or else its Life that's changed since I sold my commission. I'm bound home, to-morrow. "To tell the truth," he added, with a sly wink at us both, "there's a fair lady, an old flame of mine, who, I imagine, will be glad to see me."

"How long do you remember an old flame?" I asked, to draw him out.

"Why, what surprisingly good English you speak!" he exclaimed, looking at me curiously, "I beg your pardon. Did you ask about old flames? This is a singular case; she pledged herself to a luckier man than I, but his luck failed him after that, and he fell into the sea two days before the date on the wedding-cards! He left her all his fortune though. So I'm going back to tell her I was always true!" And he laughed that mean little laugh which I had heard before.

Friedrich puffed away at his pipe in silence.

"Well," said I to Brandon, "may you have the success you deserve!"

"Thanks," he replied, lightly, "I need it." And rising, he sauntered off to the little beer-garden.

"Let him try his plans!" I thought to myself; but if Pauline ever consents to them, I shall be disappointed in her." My mind was a good deal exercised about Pauline. Why had she not married Ned? They had thwarted all my kind designs. Either he did not care to woo her again, or she had refused him, perhaps for the sake of me dead. At all events my Ned was happy now, and with "Queen Bess" of all the women upon earth! Dainty, peerless Queen Bess! My old chivalric feeling for her was unabated, but there was no shadow of regret in seeing her the bride of my dear Ned. He had overlived the blow I dealt. I was perfectly content about him now. And there was no bitterness in his heart towards me—his words showed that. Oh, what a rankling sting was taken from my life by that knowledge!

But Pauline? Did they indeed pity her so much? Then she must have suffered, and for me! Did this thought give me pain or pleasure? I could not tell; but I wondered what she was doing now, whether the pink color was in her cheeks, and if she ever sang "*Sweetheart*" nowadays! Poor Pauline, how she had tried to please me. Could it be possible that she felt loveless and forlorn, and would accept that Brandon? I hoped not, but I tried to forget the whole, for what possible interest had Carl Frankau in Miss Rome?

Friedrich and I wandered on to our heart's content, and then went back to our beloved Heidelberg: he to work on his musical compositions, and I to teach English and Latin to my slowly-plodding classes in the schools. But the evenings found me always at his house, though sometimes I had to wait late for him, when he had been to visit his Heidelberg beauty. I studied in my leisure hours, plunged recklessly into the mazes of German philosophy, and went daft about Kant. I began to think I would be a philosopher myself, and live up in some old tower with my books, and perhaps rival Kant!

So the months glided by in the pleasant Rhine-land, and I felt as if I never wished to leave it; when one sunny day in April, as I was dining in a coffee-house, a young fellow swaggered past me to a table, and called for some sherry. His voice made me look at him—it was Lieutenant Brandon. I went over and took a chair by him.

"Why, confound it! It's that fellow that speaks such good English, that Frankau, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," I said. "How do you do, sir? And did you have success, with the old flame?"

He frowned at me a minute, and then laughed.

"Success? hang it, no! She's going to wear the willow forever for that fellow who hadn't sense enough to keep out of the water! I never saw any one so changed in my life; she won't have a word to say to any gentleman that goes near her. She's prouder than the Queen of England!"

Why did I not resent his freedom? Was it because Carl Frankau had no interest in the matter? I think it went deep than that; I almost think I took pleasure in his words. So Pauline would not forget me! There was none other in the world so true. One woman's heart held the image of Carl Frankau, recluse and philosopher. I could not banish the thought; when I went back to my lonely room it haunted my mind with a sweet persistency, "Pauline grieves for me; Pauline loves you!" Years ago, that thought gave me no pleasure,—why should it now? I tried to put it down.

So a few weeks more were away. Friedrich married his bonnie Katrine. And when I went to his house to propose another summer pilgrimage, she snapped her pretty fingers at me, and bade me be off with my mischief-making, trying to separate husband and wife!

"Do not be hard, little wife," said Friedrich, "Carl has no Katrine to love him!"

I might have felt downcast, but that new haunting thought crept into my heart and whispered there, "*Pauline* loves you!" Ah, me, was I never to be free of Pauline? Perhaps I no longer wished to be. A great desire possessed me now to see her once more—to watch her—to know something of her life. If I only knew, then I could study better, and have nothing to wonder about except my philosophy.

So one day I packed my portmanteau—told Friedrich I was going on my summer tour—journeyed over to Bremen, and took the next steamer for my native shores.

CHAPTER IV.

At last I saw my boyhood's home once more. I, the poor German stranger who found lodgings with the porter of Oakley Place. I roamed over the familiar grounds, and under the tall trees, all mine, and yet not mine. I sought out Pauline Rome—followed her steps afar off—was fortunate enough to find a pretext to take me into her presence. And what did I find her?

It was in church I saw her first. She came up the aisle with all the graceful languor of old times in her motion, but her face was hidden by a long, black veil, until the service commenced. After that, I could get a good view of her from my gallery corner. The face had lost something of its dimpled fullness, and all of its pink glow; perhaps her mourning made her look whiter. Her eyes never wandered about the church—which was a change from the saucy glances I could remember. Her long lashes veiled them now; and she looked at her prayer-book. On her ungloved hand shone my mother's ring—I saw no other jewelry; and found afterward that she never wore any other. It brought the tears into my eyes, as I saw how her lip had forgotten its laughing curve and learned a sadder droop. Her expression did not change during all the service, it was full of a quiet sadness. When the benediction was pronounced, she drew her veil again, and passed out with the rest. I was at the door as soon as she. A gentleman pressed up to her, to ask why she had not been at some gay gathering a few evenings before. Then I saw that Pauline had learned an infinite dignity, yet was not ungracious.

"You must excuse me from your companies, I think. I do not go into society. Please remember me to your sister, and tell her to call on me. Good afternoon, sir." And she turned away, and was the next moment quite absorbed in the complaints of one of the poor alms-house women. The gentleman bit his lips and walked away.

That evening in the porter's lodge, I asked who the beautiful lady in black was whom I had seen at church. The porter's wife was quite ready to tell me all about her.

"She's Miss Rome, sir. I suppose you've never heard of her in Germany, but every one here knows Miss Rome. She was going to be married to the gentleman who owned this place, but he was drowned. Before that she was the loveliest and gayest lady in the county, maybe a thought too wild, but since then she has been what you see her, a perfect angel. She lives in a cottage on the property he left her, with not a relative nor any one, but her servants. She goes to no parties, and receives but few guests. The servants say she has a little room where she goes every day and worships a picture of Mr. Hawes, but I don't believe that, for she isn't a Catholic!" said this good woman, whose doctrinal ideas were limited.

On further inquiry I learned that Miss Rome was very generous to the poor, that she had established a sewing school for the girls, and taught in it herself, and there was not a lady, far or near, more loved and esteemed by all. Her reputation was a golden one. I was proud of Pauline. But the patient sadness of her face haunted me, and I did not feel free from guilt in the matter. I had seen her, had learned about her life,—was I content to go back now to Germany and Kant? No, I must know more. I must enter her house, I must talk with Pauline face to face, yet myself unknown;—then, perhaps I would go to Germany. But how to do this, when she received few visitors, and I was unhonored by letters of introduction. I thought of a plan—I would appeal to her generosity, I would give lessons in German to pupils, and solicit her patronage first. So I went to the cottage where she lived, a pretty little cottage which my uncle built for a whim, and which was on that part of the estate that fell to Pauline. The tall dark housekeeper appeared at the door and showed me into the library—Pauline's library! I looked with some curiosity to see what books she had chosen. They had a familiar look; they were mine! All my books which I had gathered together in Oakley Hall! Ned must have given them to her. On the table lay a well-worn favorite of mine, the "Masque of Comus," with her marker in it bearing a century-plant, and the motto, "*I can wait!*"

Presently Pauline came in, wearing her black dress as always, and her hair put back from her forehead and knotted up behind in the Greek style. The golden waves were in it still. She looked at me hesitatingly, not understanding my business as a stranger, then with a quiet dignity bade me good-morning. Ah, that voice! the same, yet not the same! The ringing tone and lightness were gone, but it was the same voice, that said once, "Indeed I am trying to do right, and you must help me, Dane!"

I told her my business, that I was poor and friendless, and would like to give lessons in German if I could obtain scholars. That I had called upon her as a lady of influence, hoping to obtain patronage.

She looked at me with keen inquiry in her eyes.

"You are poor and friendless, you say?"

"Very poor, and very friendless."

"You mistake if you think I have influence," she went on to say. "I live very quietly, and have little society. But I am sorry for you if you are friendless. I would like to take lessons myself. I would like to study German. And I will speak to my friend, Mrs. Lacy, at Oakley Hall about you; she has great influence. You see I have confidence in your ability. I think you are in earnest."

"Indeed I am! May heaven bless you, Miss Rome!" I exclaimed fervently. She moved a step backward at that, then as if she were afraid that might seem unkind, she said pleasantly:

"I am afraid you will find me very dull. Will you see if there is a proper grammar among these books? This shelf is devoted to German."

I was on the point of saying, "Yes, that old brown one in the corner is just the thing," but I restrained myself, and glanced along from book to book till I came to it, my own old grammar.

"This will do," I said, turning over its leaves.

She took it from me quickly, and her fingers touched it caressingly. She looked at the title-page. I knew what was written there, "*Dane Hawes, Heidelberg.*" "I am glad I can use *this* book," she said simply, and I could have snatched her to my heart. When had it come about? I did not know, but deeply, tenderly, madly, I loved this Pauline Rome!

She dismissed me very soon with an appointment for the next day. I came with the hour, perhaps a little sooner, and went into the library as before. Through a half-open door I heard talking in the next room, Pauline's voice, and that of another, Mrs. Elizabeth Lacy. I listened without the slightest scruple of conscience, so eager was I to hear Pauline's voice.

"It's a splendid idea to be sure," said Elizabeth, "but I don't see how you came to consent to it. You are so obstinate generally."

"Well, but Bess, when you see him I want you to notice as I did, that little tone in his voice just like Dane's. I should have said, no, only for the sake of that echo of the Past. I could not refuse kindness to a voice like Dane's. And now that I have consented to take lessons, I am so pleased with the idea. Just think of it, Bess, Dane loved German so much, and I think he would like me to learn it."

"Well, well," said Elizabeth, "you're a dear little heart, Pauline, and I think it's an excellent plan. If he has a good pronunciation I'll read *Wilhelm Meister* with him by-and-by. But, Paul dear, what are you going to say when my papa comes to see you this afternoon, with poor Mr. Leaf's proposal?"

"You know what I shall say, and I should think you might prevent him!" said Pauline, indignantly.

The bronze clock on the mantel, a pretty little toy which I had bought in my student-days, chimed eleven.

"Eleven! Bess, it is his hour. I mean to be a very good scholar, so will run away from you." And she came hastily into the library, finding me, arch-hypocrite that I was, just entering the door.

The lesson proceeded. She uttered after me the quaint old German sounds, and went into a pretty despair over the impracticable "ch." But she was so much in earnest that we really achieved a good many little victories in the hour.

"Then you think I will succeed?" she said, as I rose reluctantly to go.

"Most certainly, Miss Rome, I will come again on Thursday."

Thursday came, and I was there. There was no one in the library, and the door into the next room was quite open. I could see the picture of St. Stephen there, which had come all the way from Vevay to remind Pauline of Dane Hawes.

In a moment a servant came in and said that I would find Miss Rome in the garden. I went out at the low window, and walked down the path to where I saw her black dress among the vines. She was sitting in an arbor with her book upon her knee, and the grape-vines grew luxuriantly about her. Their pale green tendrils drooped upon her shoulder. It was like the shadow of that day long gone when I first came upon her, happy and thoughtless, with the pink blossom-color in her face. And whatever change had come to that light heart, it was my work.

She said, "Good-morning, Mr. Frankau," as I came up to her, "I thought the garden would be pleasanter this summer day. You Germans love gardens, I believe?"

I took the grammar, and commenced hearing my darling's lesson, but all the while I longed for the right I once had to clasp that sad, sweet face to mine and make it smile again. Suddenly Pauline said:

"You do not look well to-day, Mr. Frankau. Had you rather postpone the lesson?"

"By no means!" I said.

"But really I am afraid you are not well; or something troubles you. I beg your pardon, but if I could be of any service?"

A sudden impulse seized me.

"I have made a very great mistake in my life, Miss Rome, and now I cannot tell what to do. May I tell you my story?"

"Certainly, I should like to hear it." And her face showed she was interested.

"I knew a lady once," I said, "whom I did not understand enough to love as she deserved. I had a friend who was more than a brother to me. I pledged myself to do everything, to sacrifice everything, for his sake if need were. He loved the lady whom I did not understand, and wished to marry her. I thought she trifled with him, and would not be a blessing to his life, for I did not understand her. To save my friend and show him her fickleness, I tried to make her care for *me*, Miss Rome, thinking it would be only a transient flirtation. I thought I would momentarily sacrifice my own honor for the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

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sake of my friend's real good. I did not know how dangerous it is to play with souls. This was my mistake."

"I see," she said with a steady voice, "such mistakes are fatal. What then?"

I hardly dared to look into her eyes. I let my own rest on her white hand on which shone my mother's ring. I dreaded and yet longed for the moment when she should discover the secret I was trying to reveal. I went on.

"Then I found that she believed me so loftily noble and true-hearted that she loved me, *loved* me, Miss Rome,—this woman whom I just then began dimly to understand. For my base counterfeit she gave me true gold. Cannot you imagine that I felt humbled to the lowest depths, since my love had been a lie."

"If you were noble, I comprehend how you must have felt," she answered steadily and sweetly as before. "Proceed, Mr. Frankau."

"Miss Rome, I could not endure telling her the truth then. I could not endure that this woman with her fond trust should find her idol, clay. And so, hardly yet understanding her, therefore hardly yet loving her, I allowed our engagement to continue and the wedding-day was fixed."

"Go on," said Pauline dreamily, "your story sounds so strangely natural to me. And this, you say, was in Germany? Go on, Mr. Frankau."

"First tell me, what do you think of my case?"

"Her heart would be broken," she answered, "but she should know the truth."

"I could not fail her trust," I went on hurriedly, "I determined to make her happy. One evening I rode away from her door, half wild with this problem of Life. Our wedding was to be in two days more," (here I saw the white hands close upon each other tightly,) "the night was dark and stormy, my soul was at war with itself. I heard the distant roar of the ocean, and a wild desire seized me to stand upon its shore, and see if the elements could be fiercer than I. I rode through the blackness of the tempest and at last reached the edge of the high bank overtopping the sea. Trusting to my knowledge of the path, I began to descend, but the high waves had undermined the sand beneath, and in a moment I found myself falling. The sea snatched me away, and my strength was soon gone. Was it not better for me to be dead, Miss Rome?"

She did not answer. I went on, with my eyes still watching those rigid hands.

"I was saved, when life was almost gone, by the men of a vessel bound to Germany. The brooding fever in my veins, with the shock of that night, made me unconscious and ill for many days. When I recovered strength, I was far from my native land. My friends believed me dead. I read the account of my own death in a newspaper. Then I determined never to return, that so the lady I had wronged might never know how I had deceived her. Then perhaps my friend who loved her, would win her, and at last I understood her enough to know that the noblest man on earth could have no truer-hearted bride. So I went to Germany, I became a tutor in the schools there, and my life seemed settled forever in one low monotone, remembering nothing, hoping nothing. When one day I awoke, Miss Rome, I saw my friend with another for a bride, and knew that I no longer stood between him and happiness. He did not know me, but his voice, his face, brought back the old days so vividly, that I wearied of Germany and my loneliness. A longing curiosity grew in me to see that lady once more, whom I once had a right to love. I came to my native land again, Miss Rome,—I found her, and I loved her as man never loved before,—but my right to do so was all gone. And now what can I do? Can I reveal myself to her, when she believed that I died true to her? Can I tell her that I fled from her, and after that, ask her to forgive me? Could any woman forgive such a wrong? And yet, I love her, love every hint of her, the ground she walks on, the grape-vines that touch her shoulder. Miss Rome, *I love her!*"

Then first I raised my eyes, and looked into hers.

"Dane! Dane! Dane!" she cried, and in an instant her hands were clasping mine, and her face was hidden on my shoulder. Were the heavens falling? I stood overwhelmed.

"Pauline, did you understand me? Can you mean that you forgive this cruel wrong?"

"Oh, I have you back, I have you back!" she whispered, "and you say you love me, Dane?"

"Oh, my darling, I do love you. It breaks my heart to think how I have left you all these years. Can you forgive me?"

"Dane," she said, lifting for an instant her transformed face, "Dane, never speak of it. You have made me happier than I ever dreamed I could be again. I thought you were in Heaven, and maybe watching your poor Pauline, and I have tried so hard to please you in every little word and thought and deed, Oh, Dane!"

"And you can forgive me?" I said.

"Hush, Dane, I was weak and erring, untrue to all I might have been, and your hand raised me, and taught me to know myself. You stooped to lift up Pauline to your height; and now, Dane, now, if there has been the least little thing in your conduct which makes you think hard thoughts of yourself, oh, I am so glad of the chance to show how nothing can destroy my faith in you!"

And so Pauline stooped from *her* height, and lifted me up!

"I have you back! I have you back!" she still murmured softly upon my shoulder.

"Oh, my Pauline! sweet, trusting soul, faithful to the last! Never could a life-long devotion repay such precious pardon, but at least I would show that I appreciated it.

A clear voice in a tone of dismay rang out on the air,

"Pauline embracing the German! Oh, dear, oh, dear!" And Elizabeth Lacy sailed down upon us.

Pauline disengaged herself.

"It's Dane!" she said triumphantly.

"Dane? It's an impostor! No, it's the German we saw at Vevay. No! look here, man,—It *is* Dane!"

"Dane Hawes indeed, Queen Bess!"

"Where have you been all this while?" she demanded.

"In Heidelberg."

"And we mourned so for you! And you never let us know! Dane, I am ashamed of you! Do you know how this poor Pauline grieved? Oh, if I were she, I would never, *never* have a word to say to you!" And Ned's young wife drew herself up with unutterable scorn. I stood before her humbly, but my dear defender wound her arms about me again, and said,

"Dane and I understand one another. It is all right, Bess."

"Well, Pauline, I am glad you are happy about it, but—" And with her sentence unfinished, she sailed away from us again.

Now, I do not believe one woman in ten thousand would have treated the recreant Dane as my darling did. There would have been tears and reproaches and bitterness, most justly deserved too! But this complete trust and love,—to this day I am amazed at my own happiness! Pauline, Pauline, my blue-eyed lady! every thread of her golden hair is a priceless treasure, every touch of her clinging hand makes my heart beat high! And I watch every day with delight, to see how the pink rhododendron color is creeping back into my darling's face! (THE END.)

THE POPPY AND THE DAISY.

A FABLE.

"How in the world came you there?" said a flaring, scarlet Poppy to a cheery, crimp little Daisy that grew at his feet.

"That's more than I can tell," said the Daisy.

"Don't you feel ashamed of being so near me?" said the Poppy.

"Not at all," said the Daisy.

"Don't you see how tall I am?" said the Poppy.

"Very tall," said the Daisy.

"And handsome?" said the Poppy.

"Yes," said the Daisy.

"Don't you feel afraid of me?" said the Poppy.

"Not a bit," said the Daisy.

"How very short you are," said the Poppy.

"Very," said the Daisy.

"And insignificant," said the Poppy.

"Yes," said the Daisy.

"And ugly," said the Poppy.

"I deny *that*," said the Daisy.

"No one would look twice at you," said the Poppy.

"Perhaps not," said the Daisy.

"The people pass through the field and don't see you," said the Poppy.

"Do they?" said the Daisy.

"They can't help seeing *me!*" said the Poppy.

"No, I'm sure they can't," said the Daisy.

"And they admire *me!*" said the Poppy.

"Do they?" said the Daisy.

"You *know* they do," said the Poppy, growing redder with passion.

"I'm sure I don't," said the Daisy.

"You're as envious as you can be," said the Poppy.

"Quite a mistake," said the Daisy.

"Oh, you would give the whole field to be in my place," said the Poppy.

"I wouldn't," said the Daisy.

"Who would spend a thought on *you!*" said the Poppy, contemptuously.

"Robert Burns," said the Daisy.

"I wish the reapers would come to cut the corn."

"So do I," said the Daisy.

"Why do *you* want them?" said the Poppy.

"Simply because you do," said the Daisy.

"Very fine; it's your conceit. You think they will look at you," said the Poppy.

"No, I don't indeed," said the Daisy.

"They won't trouble themselves about you," said the Poppy.

"I hope not," said the Daisy.

"I shall turn my back on you," said the Poppy.

"Do," said the Daisy.

"Are you not very sorry?" said the Poppy.

"Not at all," said the Daisy.

"I despise you," said the Poppy.

"Do you?" said the Daisy.

"It makes me ill to look at you," said the Poppy.

"How wise of you to turn round, then," said the Daisy.

"You couldn't turn your back on me," said the Poppy.

"No, I'm such a stiff little thing," said the Daisy.

"What made you turn round again?" said the Daisy.

"Oh, dear!" said the Poppy.

"What's the matter?" said the Daisy.

"The reapers are coming!" said the Poppy.

"Don't you want them?" said the Daisy.

"Oh! I'm afraid they'll cut me down," said the Poppy. "They've just cut down a whole company of us."

"Ah! you're so tall," said the Daisy.

"Alas, alas!" sighed the Poppy.

"And so handsome," said the Daisy.

"Ah!" said the Poppy.

"They'll be sure to see you," said the Daisy.

"Oh, don't!" groaned the Poppy. "I wish I were short, like you."

"I *am* very short," said the Daisy.

"They won't see you," said the Poppy.

"No, nobody looks at me," said the Daisy.

"Good-bye, Daisy—they are close; I shall soon be cut down," said the Poppy.

"Good-bye," said the Daisy.

"I've been very rude to you; will you forgive me?" said the Poppy.

"Oh! don't mention it," said the Daisy.

"Are you sorry for me?" said the Poppy.

"Yes, with all my heart," said the Daisy.

"You're a dear, kind little thing," said the Poppy.

"Thank you kindly," said the Daisy.

"You never made much of yourself," said the Poppy.

"I never had the chance," said the Daisy.

Poor Poppy! He never spoke more. The scythe reached him just as the Daisy was closing for the night, and when she opened in the bright, fresh morning, he lay prostrate beside her. While she was thinking over his fate, a heavy heel pressed on her, and drove her almost into the earth, and she thought she should never get up again. But she did, and soon looked as cheery as ever, and was more convinced than ever that it was better to grow low than high, and to be plain than to be gaudy, and felt that she had rather be a poor little Daisy than the handsomest Poppy that ever graced the fields.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR VALISES.—A new enterprise has been started by the professional thieves who "work" the railroad cars. When a train arrives at a stopping-place, these fellows are on the watch for valises or carpet-bags lying on the seats or hanging on the hooks, but not under the eyes of their owners. When the cars stop, they seize them hastily, as if they had arrived at their destination, and jump off the cars. We have heard of two such cases within a few days. It is evidently a new dodge of the thieves, and will be heard of all over the country until exposed by the newspapers. Look out for them.

COME DOWN IN THE MEADOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Come down in the meadows that lie by the sea,
The shadows of evening are stealing along;
Already a breeze seems astir on the lea,
And the robin is singing his musical song.

When the wind—as it will—freshens up with the night,
And lifts from one's brow the light tresses of hair,
We will give it each thought that is gloomy or sad,
We will throw it in passing each shadow of care.

And looking afar to the bright evening star,
Try to win the *abandon* and freshness we knew,
When around the bright hours speeding swiftly away,
Sweet youth a soft halo of witchery threw.

We can see the white ships far away on the deep,
Their sails spread to catch every pulse in the air,
As they pass like the shadows we see in our sleep,
And leave not a trace to reveal they were there.

The fire-flies like jewels will light up the sward
For miles, as we gaze o'er the low-lying ground,
The grass at our feet will be cool with the dew,
While night draws her mantle of silence around.

Oh! come, there is perfume and beauty abroad,
Making summer as winsome as summer can be!
While no cloud mars the blue of the sky overhead,
Come down in the meadows that lie by the sea.

Homely Girls.

The editor of the Cleveland Herald, having been tolerably profuse in his compliments to the pretty girls of Cleveland, has been requested to say a good thing in behalf of the homely ones, and he does it thus:—

First—The homely girls of Cleveland are in a hopeless minority, but they mean well.

Second—They go to church every Sunday and are fond of their meals. They had rather have their meals regularly than a new bonnet.

Third—They understand their business, and wear No. 16 gaiters.

Fourth—They are bright, intelligent, devoid of low jealousy, fond of music, dance at Garrett's Hall as though it was the chief aim of life, and always go in when it rains.

Fifth—They always thank the gentlemen for giving them seats in the street cars; never flirt with the boys—because it's out of their line—and keep out of the fire.

Sixth—They never have half a dozen young sprigs keeping company with them.

Seventh—They wash their own handkerchiefs, iron their own collars, and darn their own stockings.

Eighth—They never wear waterfalls that weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, and have neither "rats" nor other animals in their hair.

Ninth—They dont call the young bloods, and other trash, "perfectly splendid."

Tenth—They never eat between meals.

Eleventh—They are all going to get married.

Twelfth—They will all marry well.

Thirteenth—Their children will be bright and shining lights in the world.

Fourteenth—They won't keep hired girls till their husbands can afford them.

Fifteenth—They sleep under mosqueto bars when convenient.

Sixteenth—They can make coffee and nut cakes, and can do chamberwork.

Seventeenth—They are O. K.

Eighteenth—They are homely, but oh Jerusalem!

Nineteenth—They know they are homely.

Twentieth—They perspire when the thermometer is at 94 in the shade, and wear gored waists.

Twenty-first—Young gentlemen don't squeeze them by the hand, and they like pea-nuts.

Twenty-second—They sing "Beautiful Dreamer," and use Sozodont.

The Wonderful Spring at Andersonville.

Mr. F. C. Grant, who was a member of Battery A, of the Eleventh Vermont Regiment, and who spent four months within the stockade at Andersonville, gave us a history of the wonderful spring that burst out there, that we never remember to have seen in print. Every one, we presume, is aware that the pen in which the prisoners were kept, inclosed a swamp through which ran a sluggish brook, and from this brook the prisoners received their supply of water. This water was never fit to drink in its best estate, but in addition to its natural unfitness, it ran down by the rebel camp before it entered the stockade, and received the excrement and filth from that. This, of course, rendered it intolerable. About the middle of August, 1864, or perhaps a month and a half after the Vermont boys entered the stockade, there came one day a very heavy thunder shower of some forty minutes' duration. And from that time a spring of pure water burst forth from a sand hill near the dead line, and flowed in such quantities as to supply the entire camp of some 25,000 or 30,000 prisoners. Some of the men looked upon this as a direct interposition of God for their salvation; and all thought it very remarkable for two reasons:—The source from whence it came, a dry, sandy knoll, and the purity and quantity of water, it being so unlike all other water in that vicinity, even that found in wells. This spring continued to send forth its pure fountain during the remainder of the time our prisoners were kept there, and for aught our informant knows, does so to this day. Has the day of miracles passed?—*Vermont Chronicle.*

☞ Fever and ague have reappeared to an unprecedented extent in that section of the country known as "Tide Water," Virginia. The people are everywhere shaking, and the mortality is largely increasing. The cause of the disease is attributed to the loss of labor by the civil war, which has left the rank vegetation to grow up untilled and unchecked, and without proper drainage.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $30. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We offer a Sewing Machine as a Premium for the LADY'S FRIEND, on the same terms as are offered by the SATURDAY EVENING POST in its Prospectus. The Clubs may be composed entirely of the LADY'S FRIEND, or partly of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, if desired.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, to *those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ RATS.—Neighbor Jones says that if we will go to a tin shop and get a lot of scrap tin, and crowd it into their holes, they will evacuate the premises at once. Whether they fear them as traps, or whether they scratch their sides, or whether they have a natural fear for it, he could not tell. He only knows the fact.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is probably the largest and best-conducted ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited. oct 14-3m

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.
HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar8-1y

PERSONS PREMATURELY GREY
Can have their hair restored to its natural color by using
Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.
It is the best article known to preserve the hair, preventing its falling out, and making lifeless, stiff, brashy hair
HEALTHY, SOFT AND GLOSSY.
All who use it are unanimous in awarding it the praise of being the best Hair Dressing extant, and without a rival in restoring grey hair to its natural color. Beware of counterfeits and imitations; ask for Hall's, and take none other. Price $1. Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar8-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is firm. The sales range at $8@8.50 for superfine; $8.75@9.25 for extras; $9@10 for northwest extra family; $10.25@11.25 for Pennsylvania and Ohio do, and $11.50 to 12.50 for high grade family and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $7.25@7.50 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal—Penna is quoted at $4.75, and Brandywine Meal at $5 ₩ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $5.25@5.50 the 100 lbs

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are light. Sales of 37,000 bus are reported at $2.10@2.35 for common to good and prime new, $2.35@2.40 for old reds, and $2.40@2.45 for amber. Rye is selling at $1.05@1.12 for southern, and $1.18@1.25 for Penna. Corn—About 40,000 bus have been disposed of at 80@90c for inferior to prime old yellow, 85@88c for white, and 75@82c for new. Oats—Sales of 22,000 bus, mostly southern, at 54@56c.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally is almost at a stand-still, and the sales of Pork are in a retail way at $35@35½ for Mess. Beef ranges at $14@18 for country and city Mess. Lard is selling at 23½c for tierce. Butter is in steady demand at 35@45c for fair to good packed and roll, and 48@55c for choice, the latter for Goshen. Cheese is selling at 17@19c ₩ lb. Eggs are worth 40@41c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The week's sales reach some 700 bales at 50@57c for middling and good middling quality.

BARK—About 80 hhds Quercitron have been disposed of at $32½ for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX—Yellow is quoted at 49@50c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is quiet for the season, and prices are $9½@10½ ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm but quiet at 31@33c for Rio, and 37½c for St Domingo, currency.

FEATHERS—Sales at 95c@$1 ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell more freely at $6@8, and Cranberries at $10@14 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit—Apples range at 12@17c, and Peaches 25@30c ₩ lb.

HAY is selling at $15@16 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at 35 to 65c.

IRON—There is a steady demand for Pig Metal. Sales of about 1200 tons in lots at $41@46 for Forge, and $48@51 for Foundry.

LUMBER—The market is active and firm, with free sales of White Pine Boards at $31@33, and Shingles at $30@32. Yellow sap Boards are selling at $30 ₩ M.

OILS—For Petroleum the demand is better, with sales of 12,000 bbls to note at 35@36 for crude, 59@60c for refined, in bond, and 75@76c for free oil.

PLASTER is quoted at $3.50@3.75 ₩ ton.

RICE—Quotations are nominally 9½@10½c for Rangoon, and 12@13½c for Carolina.

SEEDS—There is less demand for Clover seed, with sales of 2,500 bushels at $7@8 for fair to good and prime quality. Timothy is selling at $3.25@3.37, and Flaxseed at $3.10 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is selling at $2.45. Whiskey—Sales at $2.36@2.39 for drudge, and $2.38@2.41 for bbls

SUGARS are dull; sales 1,300 boxes Cuba at 9½@11½c. gold.

TALLOW—Sales at 11@11½c for city.

WOOL—The inquiry is mostly for fine, and a moderate business to note at 70@72c; low woots are dull at 60@67c. Tub ranges at 68@75c, as in quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 75 ₩ head. 2000 Hogs at from $13.00@13.50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—6500 head were disposed of at from 6½@7½ cts ₩ lb.

TO THE PUBLIC.
DAVIS' PAIN KILLER
Has won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medical preparations. It is as well known in the trading ports of India and China as in New York and Cincinnati; and its continually increasing demand, where it has been longest known, is one of its strongest recommendations and best advertisements. It began to be favorably known in A. D., 1839, and has ever since been gradually growing into public favor, till, in thousands of families, it has come to be considered an article of such necessity that they are never without a supply of it to resort to in case of accident or sudden illness. It is not unfrequently said of it—"*We would as soon think of being without flour in the house as without* PAIN KILLER." It gives immediate relief in case of scald or burn, as well as in the sudden attack of Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or other similar affection of the bowels; and, being entirely a vegetable preparation, it is as safe as it is reliable. The promptness and certainty with which it acts in relieving all kinds of pain, makes it eminently worthy its name—PAIN KILLER—a name easily understood, and not easily forgotten. nov18-2t

CANCERS CURED.
CANCERS CURED without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.
Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
nov4-3m No. 27 Bond Street, New York.

SURE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—COX'S DYSPEPSIA PILLS.—Dyspeptics should know their value. They are sure in all cases where the disease is not organic. Every person who has taken them has been relieved at once. One pill each night before going to bed for three nights in succession, and then omit four nights. These pills, besides being thoroughly effective, are mild in their operation. oct14-3m

THE COMPLEXION AND HAIR.
BALD HEADS and Bare Faces covered, Gray Hair restored, Light Hair darkened, Weak Hair strengthened, and Bushy Hair beautified.
Also, Pimpled Faces cured, purified, and made soft, smooth, clear, and beautiful, by the use of CHAPMAN'S CELEBRATED RECIPES.
Mailed free to those wishing to give them an honest trial.
These Recipes can be obtained without charge by return mail, by addressing
THOS. F. CHAPMAN,
CHEMIST AND PERFUMER,
oct21 6t 831 Broadway, New York.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.
Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhœa Pills cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists for 25 cts per box. Sold by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, Philadelphia, sole agents for the State of Pennsylvania. oct28-1f

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Health and Happiness are the twin-sisters which render existence pleasant and agreeable, for the enjoyment of life depends, in a great measure, on the state of the health. None need despair who suffer from dyspepsia, pulmonary affections, nervous disorders, ulcers, scrofula, piles, or fistulas while these famous medicines offer not only an an antidote but a radical cure. They have had the most marvellous success in the worst types of diseases which inflict the human race.
Sold by all Druggists.

FITS! FITS! FITS!
Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for
CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.
Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 106 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $25. aug26-eow10t

$20 C. & S. CRYSTAL D. P. $20.
$1000 A year can be realized gilding and putting up the Crystal Door Plate. Agents wanted. Stock, Tools, and Instructions cost $20. L. L. TODD & CO., 39 Nassau St., N. York.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
sep30-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ELI KEMBERY to Miss LEANNA GOLPH, both of this city.

On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOHN KURTZ to Miss CAROLINE E. SIDNE, both of this city.

On the 27th of Oct., by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. CHARLES ALLEN to Mrs. JANE YOUNG, both of this city.

On the 12th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Robinson, THEODORUS ADRIENVELTER, Esq., to Miss REBECCA J. HOUSLICH, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, SAMUEL C. RINEHART to HARRIET C. MAAS, both of this city.

On the 30th of Oct., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, JAMES DONARUE, U. S. N., to Miss MARY CONOVER, of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Lamb, Mr. WILLIAM JONES to Miss ANNA E. BARNET, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM H. SMITH, in his 42d year.

On the 7th instant, ELIZABETH GARDNER, in her 35th year.

On the 6th instant, ISAAC WHITE, in his 66th year.

On the 6th instant, ANN CARLILE, in her 70th year.

On the 5th instant, ROBERT WARD, in his 44th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. AMANDA STEWART, in her 62d year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. ANTHONY L. MOORE, in his 29th year.

On the 4th instant, JAMES SLOAN, in his 37th year.

On the 3d instant, ELIZABETH, wife of the late Saml. H. Carter, in her 65th year.

On the 2d instant, THOMAS ROBSON, Sr., in his 69th year.

On the 2d instant, GEORGE F. HARVEY, in his 34th year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 4TH AND ARCH, Established in 1840. Family Dry Goods Store.
FULL STOCK OF FALL GOODS.
SHAWLS OF ALL KINDS.
DRESS GOODS, FULL LINE.
MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.
BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
mar18-1y

An Editorial "We."

Custom has pluralized the Editor. He is "two gentlemen rolled into one," and so must remain till newspapers cease to be. But his plurality bothers him. He is at a loss how to manage his double self-ishness. Some editors say "ourself"—others "ourselves." Which is right, the plural unity or the simple plural? Monarchs say "ourself," we believe. They do so in plays and novels, certainly. But as a general thing they stick to "we" and "our," and avoid violating the proprieties of the nominative case, by fraternizing with verbs that have no affinity with anything not singular.

Would it not be as well to have it settled on "the eternal principles of the right," whether an editor is an "ourself" or "ourselves?" As Stackpole says in "Hard Times," "it's a muddle" at present, and we should like the thing settled.

LADIES—NOTICE!

JOHN M. FINN,

S. E. COR. SEVENTH AND ARCH STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA,

HAS JUST OPENED,

AT VERY REASONABLE PRICES,

A full line of the following Goods:—

FRENCH LACE VEILS, from 50 cents up.
IMITATION AND REAL LACES. Also,
SMYRNA AND SAXONY LACES.
CRAPE COLLARS, large variety.
FRENCH COLLARS AND CUFFS, beautiful designs.
TOILET COVERS, of elegant patterns.
NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS, from $3 per pair up.
FULL LINE OF TABLE LINEN.
LADIES' AND GENTS' HANDKERCHIEFS.

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STAPLE DRY GOODS,

AS FOLLOWS:—

Plaid Cashmeres, 75 cents, selling fast.
All-wool Poplins, $1.25 to $1.50.
Lupin's French Merinoes, $1.25, $1.40, $1.50.
Lupin's all-wool Delaines, double and single width.
Plaid Poplins, $1.75.
Figured all-wool Delaine.
Striped Melange Cloth, 31 cents.
Granite Cloth, 40 cents.
Silk-mixed Cameline, 55 cents.
Black Alpacas, 62c., 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.40, $1.50, very good.
Colored Alpaca.
Black all-wool Delaines.
Black Merinoes.
Balmoral Skirts.
All-wool Flannels.
Flannels, full line, cheap.
Crimson Opera Cloth.
Blankets, all sizes and grades, as low as $7.50 per pair.

Parties should examine these goods before purchasing elsewhere.

ALSO,

Ladies' and Children's Vests.

JOHN M. FINN,

S. E. corner of ARCH and SEVENTH Streets.

nov1-4t

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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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$20 PER DAY $20

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NO SMOKE, NO CHIMNEY.—Portable, not dangerous. Free from smell, and has all the advantages of gas without the expense. A great LIGHT, all for a penny for six hours. Send for full description. For sale wholesale and retail by the Lig-roine Fluid and Lamp Company, No. 12 Gold St., New York. sep30-3m

STEREOSCOPES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Box and Skeleton patterns, new styles, with superior glasses. Samples expressed. Box style $4.00, Skeleton $2.50. Discount to agents. Send for circular. A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J. nov11-4t

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

GRANDMA'S PORTRAIT is the title of a very taking Steel Engraving in the November number of this favorite monthly. It is a household scene, and one of the youngsters is drawing Grandma's picture on the wall. The double colored steel Fashion Plate is as usual superb. LOVE *versus* FLIRTATION is the title of the next engraving, which illustrates an interesting story of the same name. Then we have a number of engravings, devoted to the fashions, new hats, head-dresses, lady's and boy's suits, &c. For the Music we have this time a Gallop from Mireille. The fine story, "Told by the Sun," is continued in this number. We give the

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

STEEL PLATE.—Grandma's Portrait.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Love vs. Flirtation—Louis XV. Hat—Colored Velvet Hat, Trimmed with Grebe—A Neapolitan Head-dress—Figaro Vests—A Net and Neck-lace, Ornamented with Crystal Beads—Name in Satin-stitch—Boy's Jacket (Front view)—Boy's Jacket (Back view)—Autumn Paletot—Autumn Suit—Initials in Satin-stitch—Handkerchief corner—Insertion.
MUSIC—Gallop.
DEAR MRS. THORP. By JULIA GILL.
GATHERED BLOSSOMS. By LELIA LINDEN.
CHANGES IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF CECILIA BIRD, SPINSTER. By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.
IN SILENCE. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
WITHERED. By CARRIE MYER.
GRACE AND MARGARET. By MRS. P. H. PHELPS.
SONG OF THE IVY. By MRS. ANNA RACHE.
TOLD BY THE SUN. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
THE WINTER EVENING. By MARY R. COX.
SUNSET IN THE MOUNTAINS. By ION.
LOVE *vs.* FLIRTATION. By S. ANNIE FROST.
MY PRAIRIE HOME. By E. E. G.
ALESSANDRO STRADELLA. By MISS A. FORESTIER.
NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. Specimen numbers for this purpose will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums in certain cases.* The Prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL.

AMERICAN BELL COMPANY'S STEEL COMPOSITION AND FRAME METAL BELLS.

32 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

The following is a copy of the certificate of the Board of Managers of the *American Institute* in response to the Report of the Committee of Judges on Bells:

No. 209.

G. M. This is to certify, that a GOLD MEDAL was awarded the AMERICAN BELL COMPANY for STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS, with Harrison's Rotating Hanging apparatus.

(Signed) JOHN W. CHAMBERS, Secretary Board of Managers.

American Institute, New York, Oct. 23d, 1865. } nov11-6m

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(Late Withers & Peterson,)

29 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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may9-1y

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$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

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Patented May 13th, 1862, improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch *more perfect* and *regular*, than by hand and with extraordinary rapidity. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Skirr, Tuck, Run up Braids, &c., &c.*; requires no *Lubrication or Change of Stitch*—IS NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME.

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It is the greatest invention of the age, and is in every way adapted to the wants of the people. The simplicity of this machine and the speed and accuracy with which it does its work is truly astonishing. No skill is required to weave upon it further than to turn the crank with a regular motion. It lets off the warp from the warp beam, winds up the cloth, throws the shuttle, and treads the treadle, all with one motion. When the warp is once drawn through the reed and harness of this Loom on the same warp and without any extra machinery, Jeans, Satinet, Tweed, Linsey, Blanket, double plain Cloth, various kinds of ribbed goods, Fencing Twills of all kinds, Bagging, Toweling, Table Linen and Balmoral Skirting can be woven, and the changes from one kind of cloth to another can be made in five minutes. It also weaves all Wool, Cotton, Flax, or Tow Cloth, Hemp, Woolen or Rag Carpets. The

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operates on the same principle as the power Loom. Makes as good cloth, weaves as fast, and a girl 13 years old can run it with ease.

FROM 15 TO 35 YARDS

of goods can be woven on it per day, and from $5 *to* $10 *can be made by manufacturing goods for the market.* It is substantially made, is small, neat and light, about the size of an ordinary breakfast table. If industriously used this Loom will pay for itself in three or four weeks by manufacturing goods for sale. Half the cost of clothing a family can be saved by using the Self-Acting Hand Loom. *More than* 1000 *of these Looms have been sold to the people of Ohio, Kentucky, and other Western States in the last year, and in all cases they have given entire satisfaction.* No one who has used the SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM could be induced to part with it for double the cost. *No money is required until the Loom is put up and proven to be and do what is represented.* The Loom can be seen in operation at our office, 333 Chestnut St. Enclose stamp for descriptive Circular and Samples of Cloth woven on the Loom.

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LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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FIRST and only PREMIUM awarded at the American Institute Fair, 1865, and State Fair of Pennsylvania, 1865, for CRUTCHES. HARTMAN'S PATENT ELASTIC RUBBER CRUTCHES are pronounced by surgeons, medical men, and everybody else, to be the very best ever invented. They are easy and convenient, they prevent paralysis of the nerves, do away with all the weariness inseparable from the use of all others, and are in all respects unrivalled. Price moderate. Send for a circular. LOVEJOY & TAYLOR, Sole Manufacturers, No. 476½ Broadway, New York.

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$6 FROM 50 CENTS.

Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT,

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Lingers on every glossy wave and ringlet of her lovely hair.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS

For crimping and waving ladies' hair. *No heat used and no injury to the hair.*

They are put up in beautifully lithographed boxes containing one sett (1 doz.) assorted lengths, with full directions for use accompanying each box.

No ladies' toilet is complete without them. For sale throughout the country. Retailers will be supplied by any first-class Jobber of Notions in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. Manufactured only by E. IVINS, Sixth St. and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. jy8-1y

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Dealers in American and Foreign Music; also, Pianos, Melodeons, and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Teachers and seminaries supplied at a liberal discount. Music sent by mail, postage-paid, upon receipt of the marked price. oct7-6t

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The latest improvement and most desirable parlor instruments made. CHURCH ORGAN HARMONIUMS, pronounced by leading organists to be unequalled. SCHOOL ORGANS, a powerful, compact, and durable instrument for schools, etc. MELODEONS, the largest and finest assortment in the country. Illustrated Circulars and Price List sent by mail. Manufactured by CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO., No. 97 East Twenty-third street, New York. sep30-3m

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For Cape May, &c., at 8:30 A. M., Mail; 2:30 P. M., Passenger.

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For Bridgeton, Salem, &c., at 9:15 A. M., Mail, 4 P. M.

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Salem at 6:25 A. M., Mail; 4:05 P. M., Passenger.

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A special messenger accompanies each through train.

Philadelphia, Aug. 23, 1865. sep18-tf

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Or, MAGIC MADE EASY,—A New Book, just out. The most complete book on Legerdemain, Sleight of Hand, &c., ever published. Nothing like it. It tells how to cut a man's head off, and put it a yard from his body; how to cut off your nose; how to eat fire; Laughing Gas; Rope-tying Feat; the Wonderful Hat; and nearly 200 other astounding Magical, Chemical, and Optical performances of the best Magicians, Wizards, and Prestidigitators. 64 pages, with illustrated cover. Price only 25 cents; eight for $1—mailed free. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

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oct7-3m Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

CANCER.

A new and wonderful discovery, Dr. J. C. DIXON'S CANCER ANTIDOTE, which has already proved, in over five hundred cases, to be the most successful treatment for Cancer that has ever been used by man. The method of treatment is indeed simple. This terrible disease is entirely removed in a solid mass, without the use of the knife, loss of blood, producing of pain, caustic burning, or affecting the sound parts. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; No. 726 Broadway, New York.

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MUSTARD!!

MUSTARD!!!

Just Arrived This Day, Per Steamship "City of Boston."

First invoice of GLORNEY MUSTARD, manufactured in the City of Dublin, Ireland, expressly for my sales, out of new seed. This Mustard ranks among the few articles of Irish manufacture that command a high place in the world—Dublin Poplin, Dublin Porter and Dublin Mustard have never been excelled. I quote from Mr. Glorney's letter: "We have fitted up twenty stamps additional, which we expect will be able to supply you, as it takes the whole mill machinery to supply the Irish, Scotch and English trade."

These Mills were established in 1812.

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Splendid NUTMEGS, pure and unadulterated Pepper, Allspice, &c. None other sold. A full assortment of Spices. The purity of these goods may be relied on.

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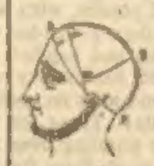

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PREMIER ARTISTE IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

THE GREATEST VICTORY YET!

COLORS STRUCK IN FIVE MINUTES.

The above heading of a recent bulletin from the

SEAT OF WAR

is in all respects applicable to the results of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

when brought in contact with hair of any obnoxious tint. Five minutes removes the undesirable color, replacing it with the richest black or brown. No stain is left on the scalp, no damage done to the hair by this fine emollient vegetable dye.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1.50 and $2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. nov1-2teow

BRANDRETH'S PILLS A GENERAL ASSISTANT OF NATURE.

What is health? What is disease?

Health is when the supply and expenditure are equal. Disease when the supply and expenditure are unequal.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS impart certain expulsive powers to all matters in the body whose life is below the standard of the surrounding parts, or which have remained longer than the time nature designed. So in fevers and all that class of cases which soon run into mortification. BRANDRETH'S PILLS have marvellous curative qualities. Our bodies are continually changing, and it is by this change we live. Should matter remain in organs beyond the time nature designed, pain and inflammation set in, which is nothing more than a preparatory effort for our good. All Brandreth's Pills are supposed from the results to do is simply

ASSISTING THESE EFFORTS OF NATURE.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. nov18-2teow

25 CENT SAMPLE SENT FREE, with catalogue of terms to agents. Address

HAYWARD & CO.,

nov18-4t 229 Broadway, New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

SOMETHING UNCERTAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Harry Headlong undertook to engineer a sailing pleasure party the other day, and this is the way he did it:

Harry is a tip-top sailor, *bon compagnon*—got lots of friends of all persuasions, and all that sort of thing—but Harry is as heedless as a humming bird—a regular humor hurrigraph—Harry Headlong is.

Harry got a yacht with nice accommodations for a nice party—say, fifteen couple, laid in $117 worth of goodies, and then laid out his programme:—Sail from Lombard street wharf at 9 A. M. Down the Delaware to Fort Mifflin—up the Schuylkill to Fairmount. Harry forgot all about the bridges—down the Schuylkill—down the Delaware to Lazaretto, and up the Delaware—home. Delightful excursion—Harry thought. So it would have been—the programme carried out. But Harry Headlong didn't do that.

Harry dodged around among his friends over on the "west side"—enlisted seven couple, and said to everybody:

"Callowhill street wharf—9 A. M. Don't forget. Superb sailing on the Schuylkill."

Everybody thought it was Callowhill street wharf—Schuylkill of course.

Then Headlong drove around among his acquaintances on the "east side," gathered eight couple for the excursion, and said:

"*Callowhill street wharf*—9 A. M. Remember. Delightful, down the Delaware."

Everybody was sure that that was *the* end of Callowhill street Harry meant, and 9 A. M. eight couple were on hand on Callowhill street wharf—Delaware, wondering where Harry Headlong and his yacht were.

At 9 A. M. to a minute fourteen excursionists were waiting for Harry and his yacht, on Callowhill street wharf—Schuylkill.

From 9 A. M. till 1 P. M. Harry Headlong sat there on the cabin of his yacht, lying at *Lombard street wharf*, dangling his legs down into the companion-way, wondering why his friends didn't come along.

Harry Headlong got called a good many hard names by the two disappointed parties who fretted away two hours on the two Callowhill street wharves, and then dispersed in disgust.

Harry says if there is a right end a wrong end to anything, he is always certain to get the wrong one, but he don't see the sense of two Callowhill street wharves.

A Sharp Ticket Agent.

"F-e-r-r-ee teek-its! Yer they are—three for ten cents (apiece.)" Sung out one of those Kaighn's Point Avenue juvenile nuisances.

Jerseyman from away in yonder, with wife and three daughters, caught the cry—all but the *soto voce*, ordered five tickets, and handed out a dollar note. *Squirt* passed back a fifty cent fractional, the five tickets, and went on yelling out loud—"F-e-r-r-ee teek-its! Three for ten cents apiece, leaving Jersey puzzling over the problem how the five tickets at three for ten cents, could absorb half a dollar.

A New State Likely.

New Guinea—alias Centerville, located midway, between Camden and Gloucester, over in Jersey, went into Committee of the Whole, one evening last week, and among other resolutions, the following were unanimously adopted:

"Solved—*Fust*. Dat we abstain Presemp Johnsing in ebery ting he's gwine ter do.

"Solved—*Tooth*. Dat we dopt a state Consternation, and ply fur mission inter dis Yuneyum, wid tistlum ob Contrabanda.

"Solved—*Fird*. Dat we wate-wher or no."

A Good Joke.

Two mischievous boys were playing on the banks of the Ohio river. A boat-load of passengers landed near by. One of the party, a sportsman, found a hornet's nest hanging to the limb of a tree. He shot at the limb, cutting it off, the nest falling to the ground. After some little chat among the party as to the propriety of keeping at a distance from the nest, a gentleman said he would give fifty cents to any one who would go and pick up the nest. The older of the boys stepped forward, and said, "Give me the money, sir, and I will pick it up." The money was given him, and he approached the nest, while the crowd of amused passengers were chuckling over the anticipated fun of seeing "the greedy boy" get stung by the hornets. But the tables were soon turned, and the laugh on the other side; for the boy seized the end of the limb, and swinging the nest in the air, started on a keen run straight for the crowd, who, soon as they could "comprehend the situation," started on a promiscuous run in the opposite direction. Some screamed, others cursed the boy, but all ran for dear life, while the light-footed boy was every moment nearing the affrighted passengers. At length the hindmost man—a big, jolly, corpulent fellow—completely gave out, and turning upon the boy, with uplifted hands and appealing countenance, called out, "Hold on, boy! for mercy's sake, hold on! It's the best joke I ever saw; but I can't run any further!"

A SAILOR'S LOVE OF FAIR PLAY.—In a shipyard in Pembroke, the other day, a tar from a man-o'war was observed watching two men dragging a seven-foot cross-cut saw through a huge oak log. The saw was dull, the log very tough, and there they went—see-saw, see-saw; pull, push; push, pull. Jack studied the matter over awhile, until he came to the conclusion that they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and as one man was an immense big chap, while the other was a little fellow, he decided to see fair play; so giving the big one a blow under the ear that capsized him, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the smaller one, he sang out, "Now, run!"

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Before a court of common pleas, a case of breach of promise was recently under consideration. The breach between the parties was apparent enough, but as to the promise there existed a slight shade of doubt, until the plaintiff set the matter right as follows:

Question by the defendant's counsel—"Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?"

Answer—"Not exactly, but he courted me a good deal, and he telled my sister Jane that he intended to marry in our family."

PRETTY INNOCENT.

LITTLE JESSIE.—"Mamma! Why do all the tunnels smell so strong of brandy?"

[The lady on the right never *was* fond of children, and thinks she never met a child she disliked more than this one.

A Court Scene.

"William, look! tell us, William, who made you? Do you know?" William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and looking thoughtful, and some bewildered, slowly answered—"Moses, I s'poses." "That will do," said Counsellor Gray, addressing the court; "the witness says he supposes that Moses made him. That certainly is an intelligent answer, more than I supposed him capable of giving; for it shows that he had some faint idea of Scripture; but I must submit that it is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence." "Mr. Judge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?" "Certainly," said the judge. "Wal, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do you s'pose made you?" "Aaron, I s'pose," said Counsellor Gray, imitating the witness. After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out—"Wal, neow, we do read in the good book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a thought the darned critter got in here?" The judge ordered the witness to be sworn.

AN EDITORIAL RECIPE.—The following is said to be the private recipe of a Washoe editor—but we don't believe it. "Take one pint of whiskey, stir it well with one spoonful of whiskey; then add another pint of whiskey—beat carefully with a spoon, and keep pouring in whiskey. Fill a large bowl with water, and make the servants set it out of your reach. Take a small tumbler, pour in two spoonsful of water; pour out the water and fill up with whiskey, and add to the above. Flavor with whiskey to your taste. A dose: three 'fingers' every half hour."

GOOD ONE.—"Bob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw."

"Don't say so! What is it?"

"A tree that never sprouts, and becomes smaller the older it grows."

"Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?"

"From California."

"What is the name of it?"

"Axletree. It once belonged to a California omnibus."

Scene closes by Bob throwing an inkstand at a half-closed door.

LITTLE THINGS.

Often, little things we hear,
Often, little things we see,
Waken thoughts that long have slept
Deep down in our memory.

Strangely slight the circumstance
That has force to turn the mind
Backward on the path of years,
To the loved scenes far behind!

'Tis the perfume of a flower,
Or a quaint old-fashioned tune;
Or a song-bird 'mid the leaves
Singing in the sunny June.

'Tis the evening-star, mayhap,
In the gloaming silver-bright;
Or a gold and purple cloud
Waning in the western light.

'Tis the rustling of a dress,
Or a certain tone of voice,
That can make the pulses throb,
That can bid the heart rejoice.

Ah, my heart! But not of joy
Must alone thy history tell,
Sorrow, shame, and bitter tears
Little things recall as well.

THE GRAVE OF "LEATHERSTOCKING."—The Troy *Times* has the following: "In the Baptist churchyard at Hoosick Falls, may be seen a rude board which marks the grave of Nat Shipman, the original of Fennimore Cooper's 'Deerslayer,' in the well known novel of that name, and of 'Hawkeye,' in 'The Last of the Mohicans.' There are documents to show beyond any doubt the authenticity of this grave; and there is a movement on foot among the residents of Hoosick Falls to erect a monument worthy of a character immortalized in the romance of the northern wilderness."

☞ An analyzing dame reports that "she had heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow—but she knows of many thousands of young ones who have kissed very great calves."

A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our footsteps frail are onward bending
Across the river, to that shore
To which we all are surely tending,
When Time is done, and life is o'er.

Oh, let us, while we have the power,
Improve our precious time to be
As we would be when comes the hour
That wafts us to Eternity. EVA.

☞ A Western juggler has adopted a new name for his profession. He calls it "Maginistechnesantropos."

RECEIPTS.

Original.

KITCHEN EXTRAVAGANCE.

All very nice, and useful enough in their places, and used in moderation—Port, Madeira, Sherry, and Rhenish wines—butter, eggs, loaf-sugar, pulverized sugar, crushed sugar, cream, raisins, currants, jams, jellies, flavoring extracts—no especial objection to any or all of them as subordinates where they belong; but to make three cups of sugar, two of butter, two of cream, one pint of best Madeira, a pound of raisins, one and a half of currants, and the whites of ten eggs, the standard rule for the head and front of every fashionable modern kitchen invention is absurd—absolute nonsense.

The majority of the eating community are by no means millionaires, and have no particular desire to put on walnut overcoats prematurely, purchased with kitchen extravagance and absurd cookery. It seems as if all modern kitchen ingenuity had gone crazy in search of costly compounds, and forty-nine fiftieths of all modern receipts for something nice to eat are very like Taffa's dinner that he growled over: "Shast blast ter tinner! All *condiments* and no *cheese!*"

This conjuring up and publishing extravagant monstrosities is all a mistaken philosophy. It is something like giving baby our gold repeater for a rattle. He'll rattle into ruin directly—the *dear* little dear. Our cooks now-a-days run headlong into kitchen extravagance quite too fast, without any of this everlasting preaching of loaf-sugar, Madeira wine, butter, eggs, cream, &c., &c.

As for me and my "Kitchen Cabinet," I am determined to preach and practice, so far as I know how, economy and common sense, believing as I do that, with the better judgment and ingenuity of my fellow females of the domestic brigade brought into everyday practice, a great variety of cheap, wholesome and palatable dishes, good enough for us or any other people, can be fabricated at a saving of quite one-half of the prevailing kitchen extravagance.

One of my economical composites, simple, sweet, and a capital dish for either breakfast or tea, are

PEACH PANCAKES.

Stew two dozen fine flavored peaches; beat them in a bowl, to an impalpable paste. In another bowl beat up a batter of one pound of sifted flour, one teacupfull of yellow corn-meal, one pint of sour milk, two eggs, a spoonfull of any clean shortening; stir in the peach-butter, then a dessert-spoonfull of saleratus dissolved in a gill of warm water. Bake the cakes the size of fashionable buckwheat cakes, on a hot griddle. Serve, and eat as they come piping-hot from the fire. Just make the experiment once, and you will probably repeat it frequently.

MADELINE.

Selected.

GOOSE GIBLET SOUP.—Scald and pick clean two sets of fresh goose giblets, wash them well in two or three waters, cut off the noses and split the heads, cut the gizzards and necks into mouthfuls, and crack the bones of the legs; put them all into a soup-pot, cover them with cold water; remove all the scum as it rises; then put into the pot a bundle of herbs—thyme, a little marjoram and parsley, an onion peeled and cut up, twenty berries of allspice, twenty of pepper corns, and a little salt; tie the herbs and spices in a little bag, so as to remove it before dishing; let this simmer slowly two hours, and then remove the bag; take out all the giblets with a skimmer and put them into a pan, and keep it in a hot place; then thicken the soup—put two tablespoonsful of butter into a hot pan, and stir in as much flour as will make it into paste; then pour in by degrees a ladle full of the soup, stir it very smoothly and pour into the soup; let this boil half an hour, stir it and skim it well, add a wine-glass full of good cooking wine, and a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, and let it boil up once or twice; then stir in the giblets. Serve hot.

GAME SOUP.—In the season for game, it is easy to have good game soup at very little expense, and very nice. Take the meat from off the bones of any cold game left, pound it in a mortar and break up the bones, and pour on them a quart of any good broth, and boil for an hour and a half; boil and mash six turnips, and mix with the pounded meat; then pass them through a sieve; strain the broth and stir in the mixture of meat and turnips, which has been strained through the sieve. Keep the soup-pot near the fire, but do not let it boil. When ready to dish the soup for table, beat the yolks of five eggs very lightly and mix with them half a pint of good cream; set the soup on to boil, and as it boils, stir in the beaten eggs and cream, but be careful that it does not boil after they are stirred in, as the egg will curdle. Serve hot.

MELTED BUTTER.—This is very easy to prepare, but rarely well done, and yet one in such general use for meats, fish, fowls and vegetables. It requires being rightly proportioned. Generally, do not pour sauce over meats or put it in the dish, as many have an antipathy to it, preferring the juices which flow from the meats.

Keep a saucepan exclusively for sauces. Cut two large spoonsful of good butter into very small pieces—it mixes more readily for being cut small; put it into the saucepan with a large spoonful of flour and two large spoonsful of new milk. When thoroughly mixed, add six large spoonsful of water; shake it, and hold it over the fire until it begins to simmer, shaking it always the same way; then let it stand quietly and boil up. It should be of the consistency of rich cream, and not thicker. Two tablespoonsful of mushroom catsup, instead of the milk, will make a delicious accompaniment to either fish, flesh or fowl. Should the butter oil, put a spoonful of cold water to it, and stir well with a spoon, but if properly done it will not oil.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—One and a half ounces of French isinglass dissolved in a pint of water, let it simmer to half a pint; make a rich custard of six eggs, and one pint of new milk, let it be smooth and then cool it; boil a vanilla bean in the milk, whip a quart of rich cream to a froth, lay it on a sieve as you whip the froth; stir the custard into the isinglass, having strained the custard until thick; then add the whipped cream, beat all together, line a mould with lady fingers or savoy biscuits; pour in the mixture, and when required turn into a glass dish.

CLOTTED CREAM.—Mix together one gill of rich milk and a wine-glass of rosewater, and four ounces of white sugar, then add the yolks of two eggs well beaten; stir all into a quart of good cream, sit it over hot coals, let it just come to a boil, stirring all the time; then take it off, and when cool enough pour it into a glass bowl, set it away to get cool; eat with it any sort of sweetmeats.

WHIPPED SYLLABUB.—Stir into a quart of good cream one pound of crushed sugar, and one pint and a half of good wine; put these into a deep dish; squeeze in the juice of three fresh lemons; whip these half an hour, and as they froth lay the froth on a sieve, until all is whipped; serve in lemonade glasses.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SELECTING FRUIT TREES.

We are glad to see by our agricultural exchanges that there is beginning to be a more general *direct* inquiry after responsible nurserymen and reliable fruit trees. We shall be far better pleased to witness the dawning of that horticultural Millenium when there shall not be found a "tree agent" traversing any portion of our country—not but that nursery agents as a class are just as respectable as any of the rest of us. But there will always be here and there a tricky, slippery fellow among them who *will* swindle tree buyers, and bring honest, honorable, responsible dealers into discredit. We have known two instances where such swindlers have canvassed Pennsylvania with Elwanger & Barry's catalogues, making extensive sales, and then filling the orders with trash not worth putting into the ground. Hanging by the heels would be mild justice for such rascals.

In ninety cases out of every hundred the better policy for the tree buyer is to ascertain the address of some responsible, honorable dealer, which is easily enough done through the agricultural journals—address, direct, the nearest *reliable* one, give him as near as you can the quality of your soil, and position of intended planting ground, with number of trees required, and then leave the selection of sorts entirely to his judgment. Rearing trees is his avocation. He had made it a study—a science, if you please, and the chances are he knows much better than you do what trees will profit you most in your soil and climate. If you happen to have some especial favorite, persist in planting it. No one will object to that. But, in the main, rely on the knowledge and judgment of the nurseryman, and deal with him direct. Then you will know what you get, and who you get it from.

Another important consideration is to get your trees near home. They are better adapted to your locality than those from any considerable distance can be. We should not be willing to recommend fruit trees from the Wawasset, Brandywine, Del., nurseries for planting in Alabama, or Iowa, any more than we would a Georgia apple tree for the Aroostook country. But if we were going to put in apple, peach, pear or cherry trees in any part of Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, Jersey, and Pennsylvania, we should procure our stock from Mr. Tatnall's nurseries.

Doubtless there are several other nurserymen within the limits mentioned, whose stock of trees are equal to Mr. Tatnall's. But we do not happen to know them so well. And that is the very point we wish to impress upon tree purchasers. Be sure of your man and material, and then buy from headquarters direct.

We have never spoken to the proprietor of the Brandywine nurseries in our life. Would not know him to-day were we face to face in the same apple tree. But we *do* know a good deal about the Wawasset nurseries and their contents, and believe we shall be doing tree purchasers a real service by assuring them that we have nowhere seen any finer, hardier, healthier-looking stock of fruit trees than Mr. Tatnall has in those nurseries.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 4, 17, 7, 1, is an insect.
My 5, 2, 15, 17, 3, is a river of Europe.
My 4, 9, 7, 17, 1, is a Union general.
My 6, 10, 14, is a kind of fish.
My 8, 12, 7, is a valuable plant.
My 11, 16, 15, 13, is a tumor.
My 8, 2, 10, 7, 1, 5, 3, is a place of amusement.
My whole is an important era in the history of the United States. S. H. G.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 9, 11, 3, 2, is a species of paint.
My 3, 6, 5, 7, is an insect.
My 8, 11, 1, 12, is a malt liquor.
My 10, 13, 4, 7, is a measure.
My 3, 1, 5, 4, 7, is a great general.
My 10, 2, 5, 1, is a fruit.
My whole is the motto of one of the United States. CINCINNATUS.
Cincinnati, O.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Omit my 3d, and I am a vessel.
My 4th, 2d, 1st, is a plaything.
My 3d, 2d, 4th, is a drunkard.
My whole is a friend to every person.
Newtown, Ohio. B. T.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Take one whom most your hands desire.
Behead him, and you set his soul on fire.
Behead him once again, you place him higher
Than any point to which you can aspire.
W. W. T.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in caper, but not in fun.
My second's in musket, but not in gun.
My third is in arrow, but not in bow.
My fourth is in acting, but not in show.
And my fifth in easy, but not in slow.
My whole is something long astray,
We welcome back with joy this way.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An ancient blacksmith.
A country in Asia.
A disease.
A town in the State of Ohio.
An article much talked of at present.
A river in France.
A United States territory.
A river in South America.
My initials and finals form the names of two prominent sovereigns of Europe. Mrs. M. W.
Venango Co., Pa.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an enclosure.
My second is part of a window-frame.
My whole is an instrument used in writing.
S. H. G.

Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The area of a scalene triangle is 42 acres; the line drawn from the vertical angle to the middle of the base measures 68 perches, and the radius of the circumscribing circle measures 130 perches. Required, the sides of the triangle.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A hollow cylinder supports a weight of 64,000 lbs.; its length is 16 feet, and the ratio of the exterior and interior diameters is 10 to 1. Required, the diameters.
JAS. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A seconds pendulum is carried to the top of a mountain 7,040 feet. What number of seconds will it lose in 12 hours, the diameter of the earth being 8,000 miles?
MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.
☞ An answer is requested

Conundrums.

☞ Why is an oculist like an extemporaneous versifier? Ans.—Because he can improve eyes (improvise.)

☞ Why are the Joneses like the Greenland fisheries? Ans.—Because they abound in W(h)ales.

☞ Why may the greater part of the alphabet be said to be at the bottom of the ocean? Ans.—Because it's under U (sea.)

☞ When does a noise in the kitchen remind you of the month of May? Ans.—When it's the cook who (cuckoo) sings.

☞ At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? Ans.—When long experience has made him *sage*.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post, published by Deacon and Peterson, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. ENIGMA—Salmon P. Chase. RIDDLE—Shine, (Spin, pin, inn.) DOUBLE REBUS—Major-General Lewis Wallace, (Montreal, Alicante, Jew, Obi, Rheims, Glasgow, Etna, Natal, Eel, Riga, Arc, Loire. DOUBLE REBUS—Italy, Spain, (Isthmus, Troop, Austria, Lipan, Yorktown.)

THE INQUEST.

Poor Peter Pike is drowned, and the neighbors say
The jury mean to sit on him to-day.
"Know'st thou what for?" said Tom.
Quoth Ned, "No doubt
'Tis merely done to squeeze the water out."